

"WILD BILL" HICKOK The **MAD MUSICIAN** The **SAGA of** **AND MANY**
The WEST'S MOST FAMOUS GUN-TOTER **AND HIS** **TUNES of DOOM** **HARPSHEAD ROAD** **OTHER REAL**
CRIME STORIES



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A COMPLETELY NEW KIND OF MAGAZINE


The editors of COMIC HOUSE, INC., who have given you such popular magazines as *DAREDEVIL*, *BOY COMICS*, *SILVER-STREAK COMICS*, *CAPTAIN BATTLE COMICS* and others, are very proud of this thrilling new magazine, *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*.

The new magazine is designed to give you the most fascinating and exciting reading ever to appear in any publication of its type. It has been months in preparation, and no expense has been spared to make this a magazine that will hold you spellbound. You'll love it!

But *CRIME DOES NOT PAY* is more than just a magazine. It is dedicated to the youth of America with the hope that it will help make better, cleaner young citizens. The object of the Editors is to bring home sharply, to make crystal clear, that *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*! Crime never pays, it is a sucker's game. Criminals are not heroes, they are not even brave or "nervy" — they are cowardly rats. Sooner or later they get their just reward. Their fate is prison and death.

In these pages, then, you will see how one after another is brought to justice through the daring and cleverness of the officers of the law. Enjoy reading these exciting true stories. See for yourself the sad fate of crooks and criminals—and always remember that *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*.

Sincerely,



Lev Gleason

PUBLISHER

EDITORS—Charles Biro, Bob Wood

THIS IS A TRUE STORY

CRIME KINGS

THE *Real* STORY BEHIND **LEPKE** MAD DOG OF THE UNDERWORLD

AMERICA WARS ON CRIME EACH DAY OF THE YEAR, BUT STILL DISEASED MINDS PLOT, PLAN AND SWEEP CITIES WITH RUTHLESS WAVES OF BRUTALITY AND VICE...LIKE AN EXTENSIVE EDUCATION, THE FACTORIES OF EVIL NURSE THE WARPED MINDS OF MAN AND TURN THEM INTO CUNNING SCHEMING MONSTERS...SUCH WAS THE LIFE OF LEPKE WHO SPENT THE LAST DAYS OF HIS CAREER IN A SERIES OF WHOLESOME BLOODY SLAUGHTERS THAT SHOCKED EVEN HARDENED CRIME BUSTERS...

by Woody Hamilton



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OUR TALE OPENS WHERE MOST CRIME STORIES END.....
IN PRISON....
LEPKE, WHOSE REAL NAME WAS **LOUIS BUCHALTER** HAD MASTERED CRIMINAL TRICKS AT AN EARLY AGE....

I..I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME DO IT...THE OTHER FELLOWS KEPT TELLING ME IT WAS ALL RIGHT, AND I LISTENED TO THEM!
I...I WAS A FOOL!!

YES, LOUIS, I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON...KEEP YOUR CHIN UP...YOU CAN ALWAYS START FRESH...WE ALL WANT TO HELP YOU!!

YES, LEPKE'S MASTERY OF DECEIT GAINED HIM A RELEASE FROM REFORM SCHOOL FOR HIS PETTY CRIMES, A PARDON THAT WAS TO COST THE STATE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS AND MEAN THE LIVES OF SCORES OF PERSONS....

NOW, SON...I KNOW YOU'LL CHOOSE THE STRAIGHT ROAD AND MAKE US ALL PROUD OF YOU!

I CERTAINLY WILL!! MR. HARRIGAN!!

THE SUCKERS!
THE DUMB JERKS!.. HA HA //

AND SO....INTO THE HEART OF CRIME AGAIN STEPPED LEPKE, NOW OLDER, MORE BRUTAL, AND WISER....

COME ON, SLAP-HAPPY, GIVE ME THE DOUGH...! DON'T STALL!!

ALL RIGHT...NO DOUGH! SO I'LL JUST TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE...

DON'T! DON'T!! I'LL PAY YOU!!...YOU CAN INSURE ME!

SO LONG, FLAT-FOOT! HA, HA /

THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN LEPKE REALIZED WHAT HE WAS UP AGAINST...WITH THE PRECISE ANALYTICAL MIND OF A BUSINESS MAN HE STUDIED WHAT WAS TO BE HIS LIFE'S WORK....

THIS RACKET'S NO GOOD!! I'LL JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL SOME COP CLIPS ME! THE THING TO DO IS HAVE AN ORGANIZATION FOR PROTECTION...YEAH, THAT'S IT, AN ORGANIZATION!!

LEPKE THEN TIED UP WITH KID DROPPER, NOTORIOUS PROFESSIONAL KILLER.....

HELLO KID! HOW ABOUT TAKING ON A NEW EMPLOYEE? I GOT LOTS OF GOOD REFERENCES!

WELL, WELL...IF IT AIN'T LITTLE LEPKE! BEGINNING TO FIND LONE-WOLFING IS TOO TOUGH, EH? I GUESS WE CAN USE YOU, IF YOU KEEP IN LINE LIKE A GOOD BOY!!

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LEPKE WORKED AS A 'SHAKER' (STRONG ARM MAN) IN KID DROPPER'S GANG... AT THIS TIME, LARGE FIRMS WERE HIRING GANGSTERS TO BREAK UP STRIKES THAT THEIR UNFAIR WAGE SYSTEM HAD PRECIPITATED

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THERE GO TWO OF THE STRIKERS! ALL SET?

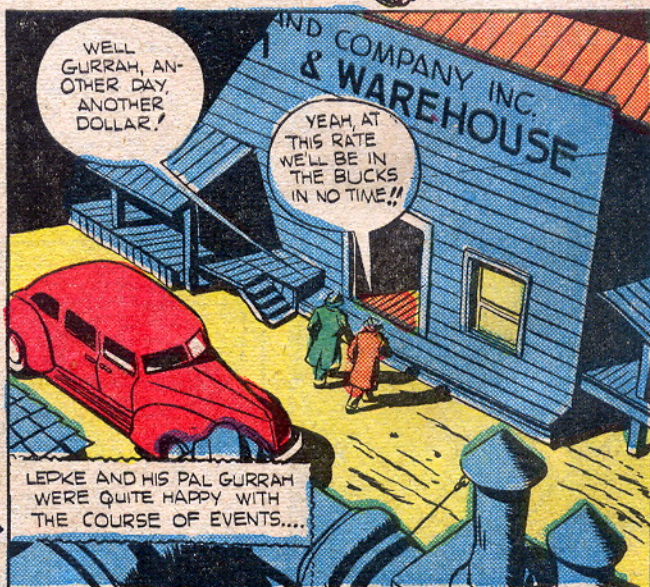
RIGHT! LET'S GO!!

LAY DOWN, YOU BUMS!!

WANTA STOP WORK DO YA?..



NOW, BOYS, YA BETTER GO BACK TO WORK TOMORROW WITH NO SQUAWKS... IF YA DON'T, I GOTTA FEELING YOU AIN'T GONNA WORK AGAIN!!



WELL GURRAH, AN-OTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR!

YEAH, AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE IN THE BUCKS IN NO TIME!!

LEPKE AND HIS PAL GURRAH WERE QUITE HAPPY WITH THE COURSE OF EVENTS....



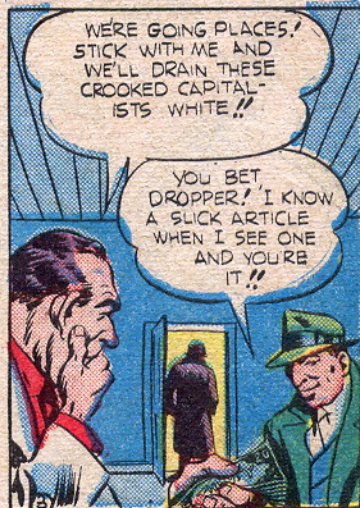
YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THOSE TWO STRIKERS, KID!! THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!

SWELL!.. MR. STEVENSON WAS GETTIN A LITTLE WORRIED...HE WANT-ED TO MAKE SURE THE WORK WAS DONE BEFORE 'PAYIN' OFF!!

WELL, ER... AH...

IT...AH...WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T TRUST YOU, BUT THESE STRIKES HAVE GOT TO STOP! THEY'RE RUINING MY BUSINESS!!

SURE SURE, STEVENSON...I UNDERSTAND... LIKE TO SEE MY BOYS GET THE WORK DONE TOO!!



WE'RE GOING PLACES! STICK WITH ME AND WE'LL DRAIN THESE CROOKED CAPITAL-ISTS WHITE!!

YOU BET DROPPER! I KNOW A Slick ARTICLE WHEN I SEE ONE AND YOU'RE IT!!

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IT WAS AT THIS EVENTFUL PERIOD THAT ONE OF THE GANG NAMED LITTLE AUGIE THREW THE BOMBHELL THAT WAS TO BLAST THE UNDERWORLD WIDE OPEN....

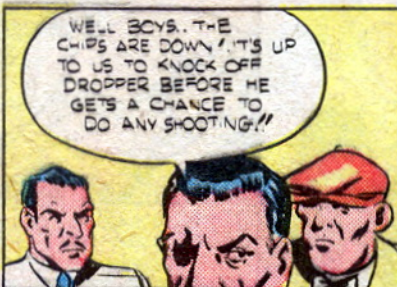
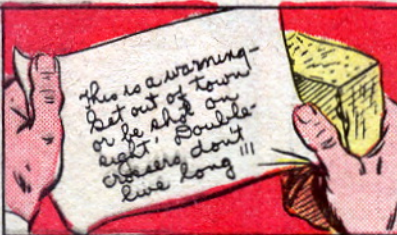
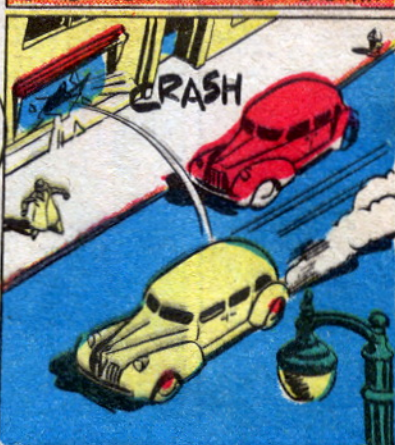


THE NEWS SPREADS FAST...

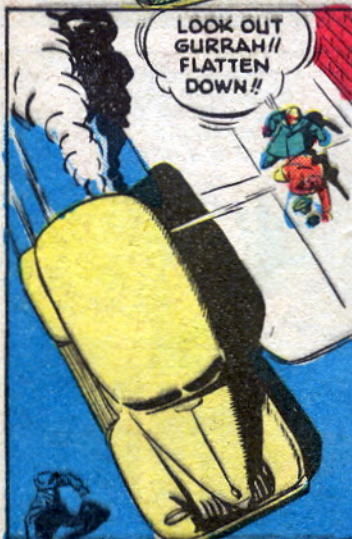
YEAH, THEY'RE FORMING A NEW MOB...GONNA RUIN YOUR RACKET DROPPER!!



THE BOASTFUL UNDERWORLD LOST NO TIME IN LETTING GURRAH AND LEPE KNOW THEIR INTENTIONS....



FOR WEEKS BOTH GANGS WAITED PATIENTLY FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE... THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY CAME TO KID DROPPER'S GANG WHEN LEPE AND GURRAH WENT WALKING UNGUARDED



BUT IN SPITE OF GURRAH'S SARCASM THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED. THE SLY GANGSTER HAD A DIABOLICAL TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE...

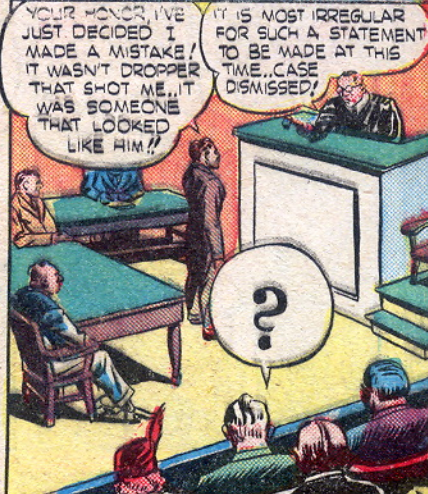


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THE NEXT DAY A YOUTHFUL IDOLIZER OF LEPKE'S GANG LEADERSHIP WAS PLAYED FOR A PRIZE SUCKER.



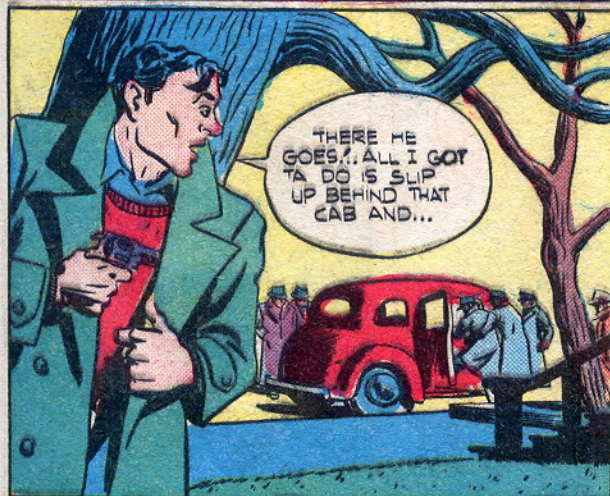
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THE COURT ROOM WAS BOWLED OVER WHEN GURRAH TOOK THE STAND AGAINST KID DROPPER...



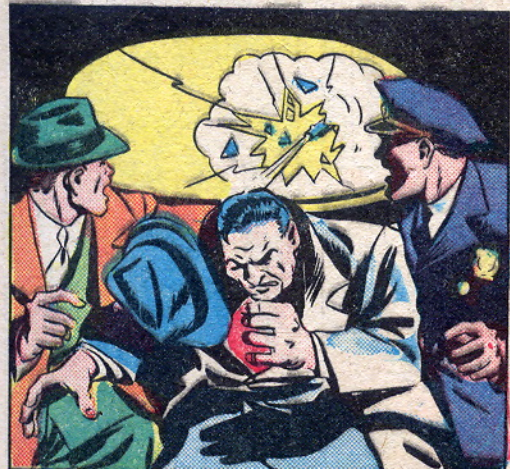
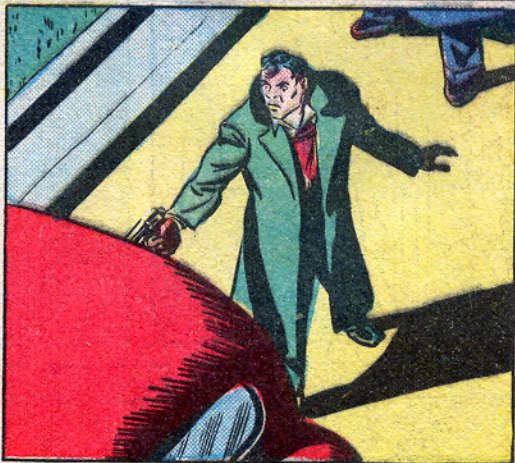
THE GUYS GOING NUTS... FIRST HE HAULS ME INTO COURT AND THEN DROPS THE CASE...WHAT A SUCKER!!



BUT AS KID DROPPER ENTERED A CAB HEAVILY GUARDED BY POLICE LEPKE'S FIENDISH PLOT TOOK FORM.....

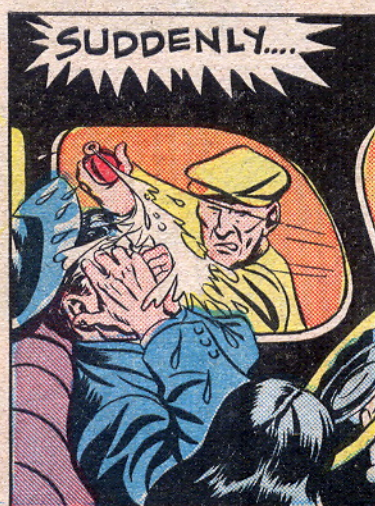


WITH THE MAD COURAGE OF AN ASSASSIN, LEPKE'S HIRED KILLER RUSHED FORWARD AS THE CAB STARTED OFF...HIS TREMBLING HAND PRESSED THE GUN UP AGAINST THE REAR WINDOW...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

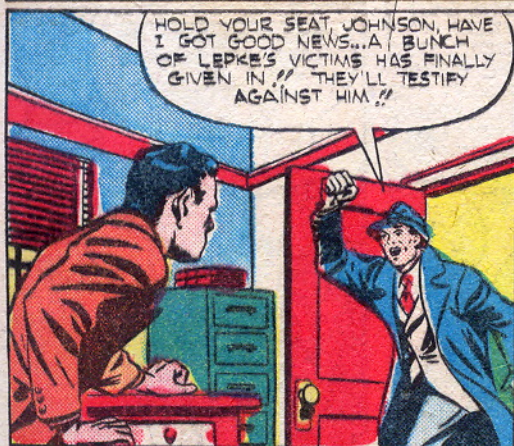
AFTER THIS BIT OF BRUTALITY, LEPKE STEPPED INTO THE \$85,000,000 FUR BUSINESS AND FORMED HIS OWN PROTECTIVE CLUB...



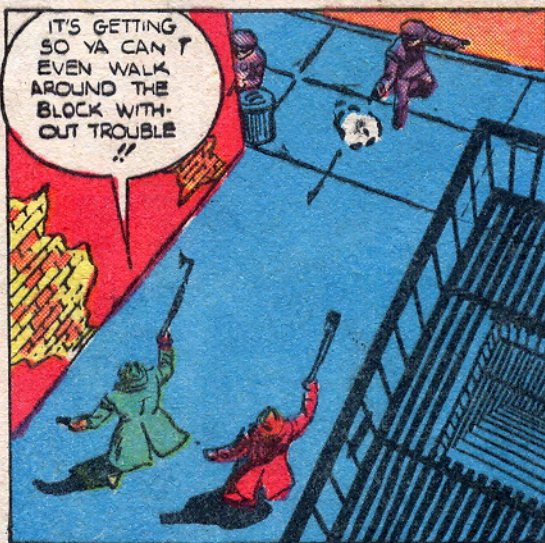
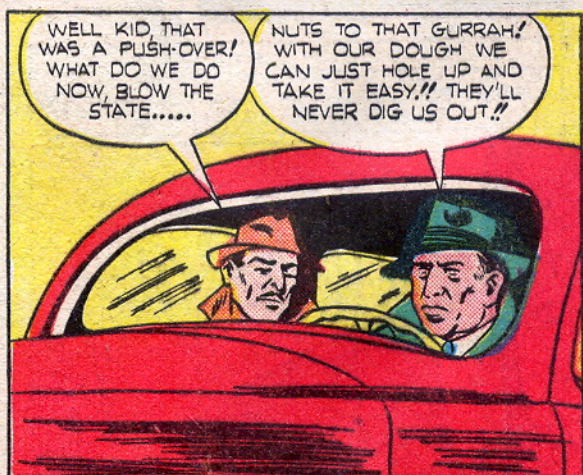
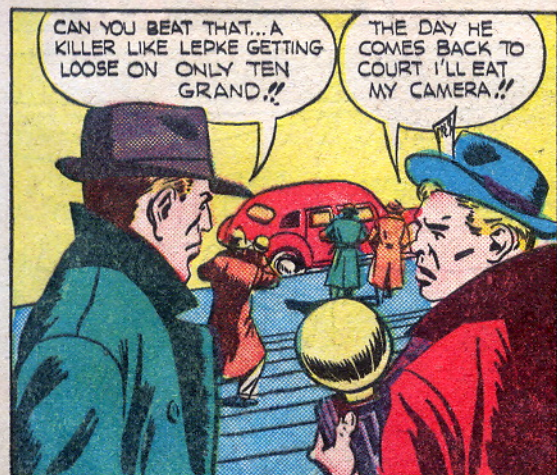
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MEANWHILE THE F.B.I. HAD FINALLY MANAGED TO GATHER EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO BRING LEPKE INTO COURT...IT LOOKED BLACK FOR THE CRIMINAL...

BUT THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT HAD CRACKED A HARD NUT IN GETTING TERROR STRICKEN WITNESSES TO TESTIFY, IT WAS NOT ENOUGH...LEPKE HAD THE LADY NEATLY IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND....



\$10,000....A DROP IN THE BUCKET TO LEPKE....



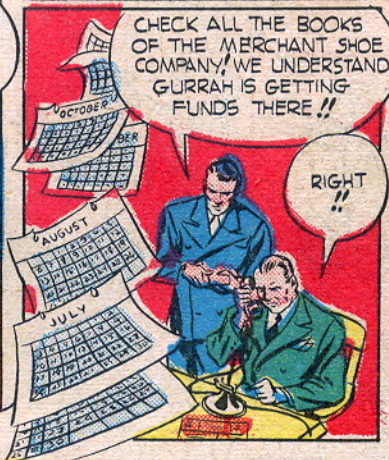
AND SO IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, LEPKE AND GURRAH SOUGHT THE DARK HIDE-OUTS OF THE UNDERWORLD.....LIFE WAS A NEVER CEASING GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK WITH THE POLICE... BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY THEY ALWAYS MANAGED TO ELUDE THE ARM OF JUSTICE....

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AS TIME ROLLED ON, THE POLICE NET PINCHED TIGHTER AND MONEY WAS GROWING LOW....GURRAH FELT THE PRESSURE FIRST....

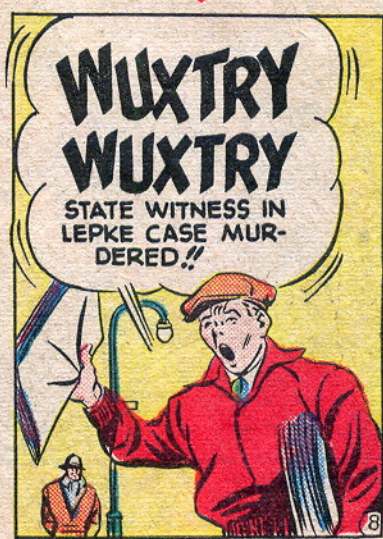
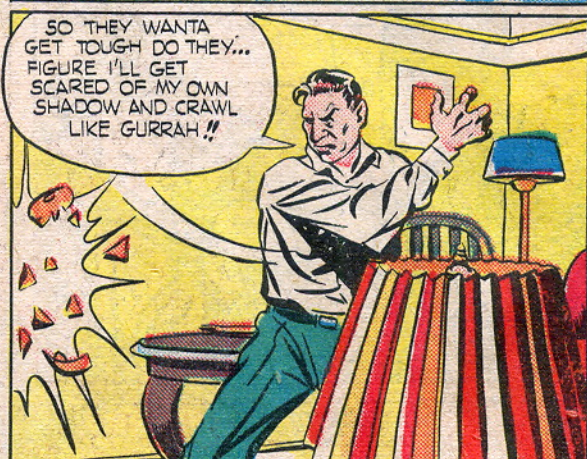
SLOWLY LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE F.B.I. TRAP TIGHTENED.....ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE FOR THE GANGSTERS WERE BEING SHUT OFF GRADUALLY.....

FINALLY THE UNEVITABLE HAPPENED....GURRAH TURNED HIMSELF IN...A TIRED AND BROKEN MAN....



BUT THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WAS NOT CONTENT WITH JUST GURRAH....IMMEDIATELY THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR LEPKE WAS GIVEN NEW AND MORE POWERFUL AMMUNITION.....

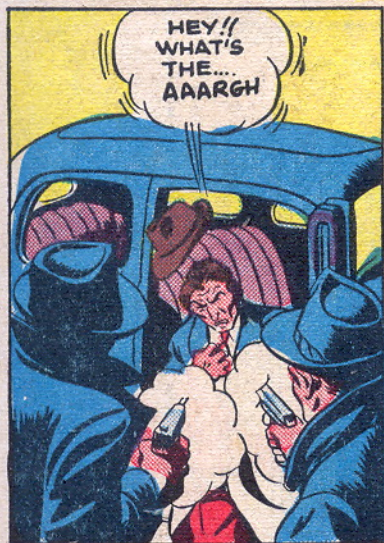
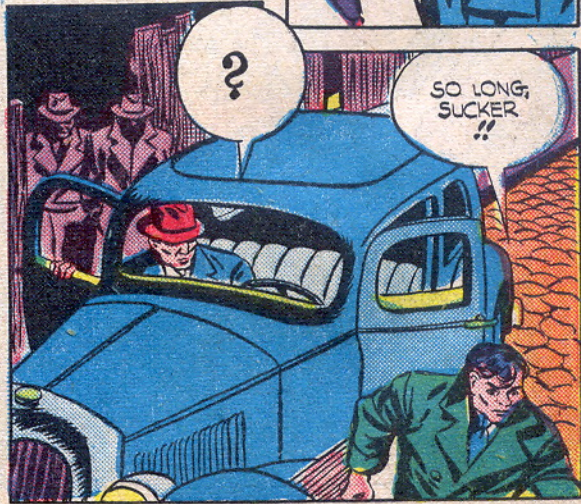
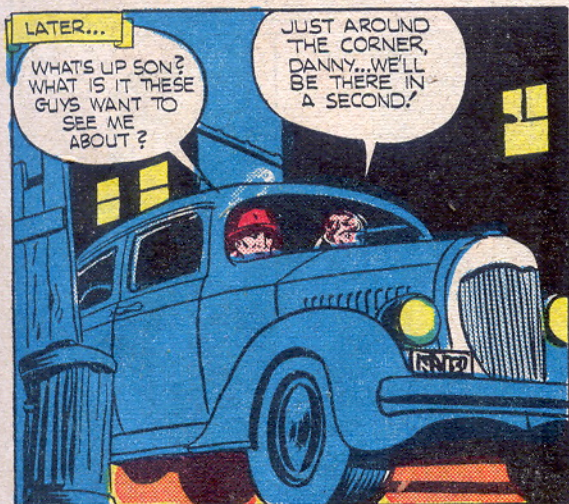
LEPKE KNEW WHAT THIS MEANT....EVEN HIS BEST FRIEND MIGHT TURN HIM IN FOR SUCH A REWARD....



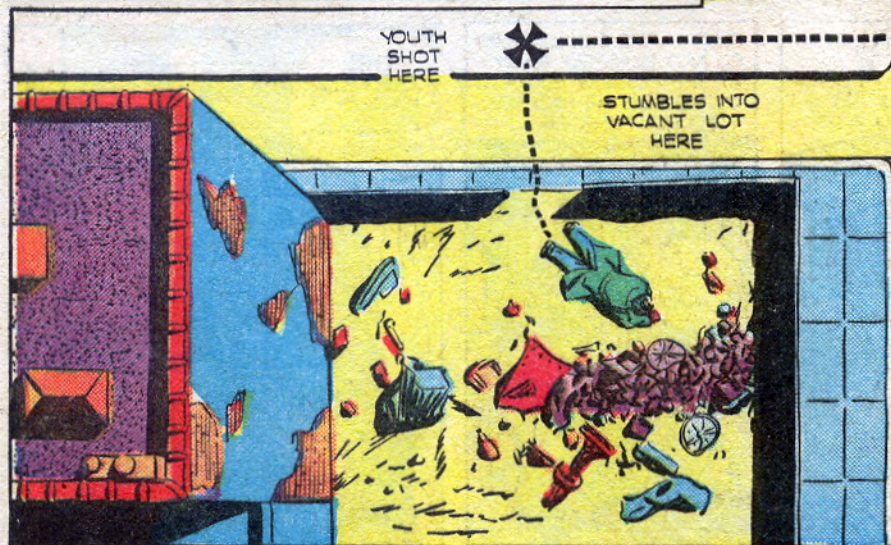
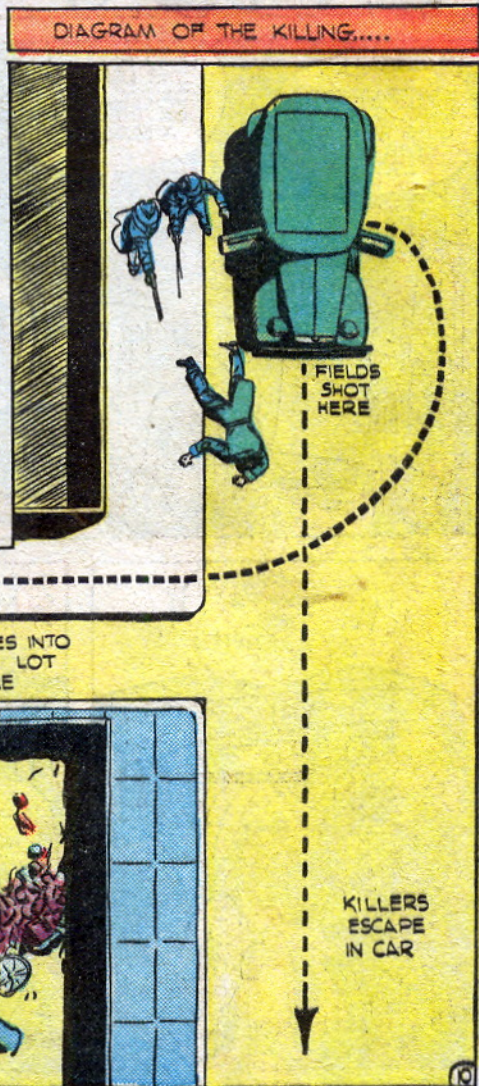
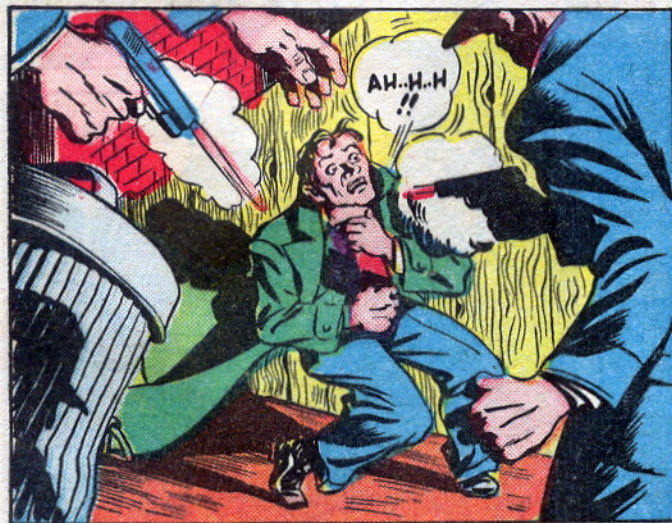
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BY THIS TIME THE YOUTH WHO HAD BUMPED OFF KID DROP- PER WAS OUT ON PAROLE... LEPKE CALLED HIM IN.....



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THE FURY OF LEPKE'S ANGER ROSE DAY BY DAY, MONTH BY MONTH... MEN WHO COULD TESTIFY AGAINST THIS CRIME CZAR CAME TO SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS ENDS... THOSE WHO DID NOT DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR WERE BLASTED INTO OBLIVION BY THE HOT LEAD OF HIRED ASSASSINS... DEATH ENJOYED A BLOODY FESTIVAL DURING THOSE TRAGIC DAYS...

FROM THE HIDDEN RECESSES OF DARK-ENED DOORWAYS DOOM SPAT OUT...

THEN CAME THE DARK DEED THAT WAS TO BRAND LEPKE A BRUTAL BUTCHER WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING! RYING PENN. AN INNOCENT MAN TOOK A STROLL ONE DAY... A MAN WITH ONE FAULT HE RESEMBLED A WITNESS AGAINST LEPKE...

THE TERRIFYING MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MURDER CONTINUED ON AND ON... AND LITTLE BY LITTLE WITNESSES WERE NO MORE.....



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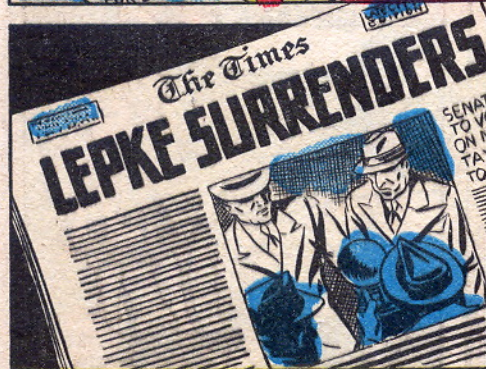
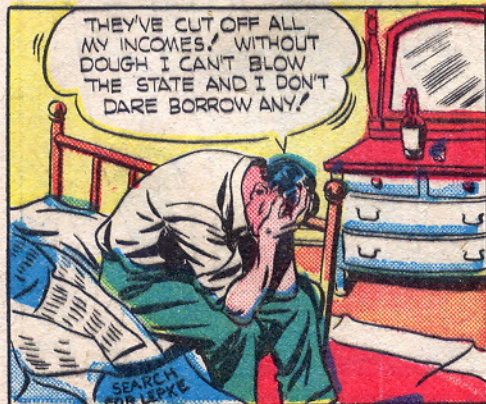
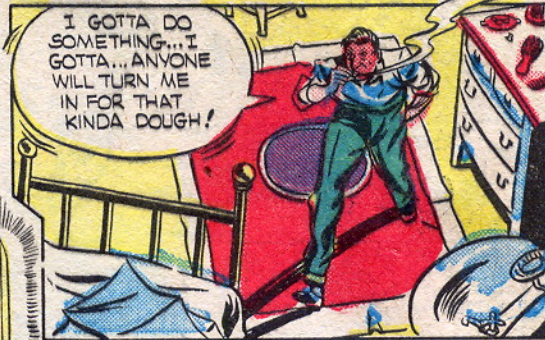
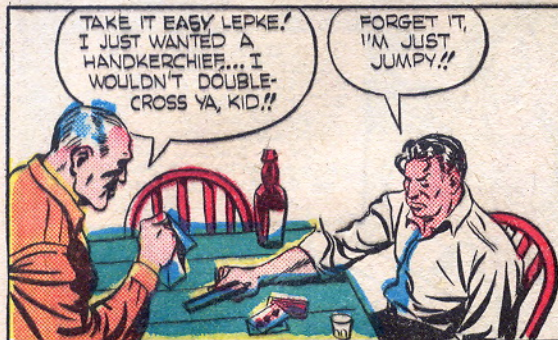
AT THE NEWS OF THIS ATROCITY, FEDERAL MEN BECOME DESPERATE....

IT'S COSTING THE STATE \$200,000 A YEAR TO HUNT LEPKE.....WE'VE GOT TO TRAP HIM!!



LEPKE HEARS THE NEWS....

AUTHORITIES TODAY OFFERED A REWARD OF \$25,000 FOR THE CAPTURE OF LEPKE, DEAD OR ALIVE!



IT WAS NOT LONG AFTERWARD THAT LEPKE REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD.... A LIFE FILLED WITH HORROR, MISERY AND SUFFERING.....

NEXT MONTH...DISGRACE TO THE HUMAN RACE NO.2, **BABY-FACE NELSON....**

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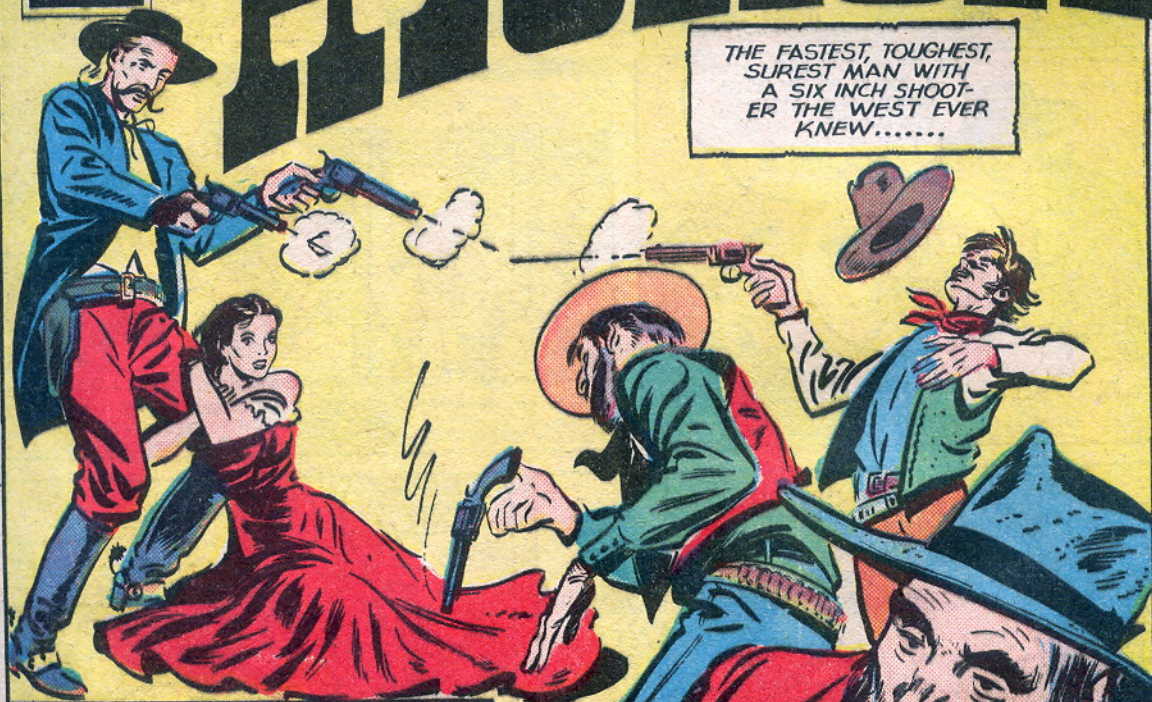
"WILD BILL"

FOR DEFENSE



HICKOK

THE FASTEST, TOUGHEST,
SUREST MAN WITH
A SIX INCH SHOOT-
ER THE WEST EVER
KNEW.....



Q: A PEACE OFFICER IN HAYES CITY, HICKOCK USUALLY WALKED THE CENTER OF A DIRT STREET INSTEAD OF THE SIDEWALK... WARY OF ANY AMBITIOUS GUNMAN THAT MIGHT LURK IN DOORWAYS OR ALLEYS TO GAIN THE DISTINCTION OF KILLING THE COUNTRY'S SHARPEST MARKSMAN..

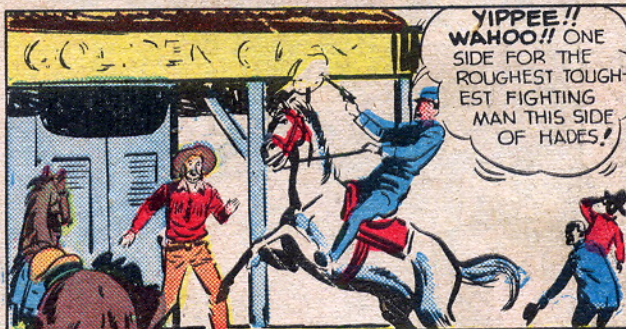


BEAUTY AND BULLETS MIGHT BE A TERM USED TO DESCRIBE WILD BILL HICKOK'S BLOOD-SOAKED CAREER... HIS ABILITY TO MIX LEAD AND KISSES WITH EQUAL DEADLINESS GAVE HIM A NAME THAT CHILLED THE HEARTS OF GUNMEN AND WARMED THE BOSOMS OF FAIR WESTERN BELLES... LEGEND HAS IT THAT EIGHTY SEVEN MEN, NOT COUNTING INDIANS MET DEATH FROM THE BLAZING BARRELS OF WILD BILL'S SIX SHOOTERS... THE NUMBER OF BROKEN HEARTS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM WILL FOREVER REMAIN ANOTHER MYSTERY OF THE ONE TIME WILD AND WOOLLY WEST...

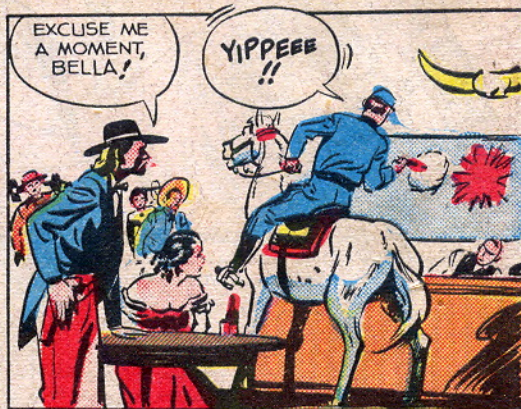
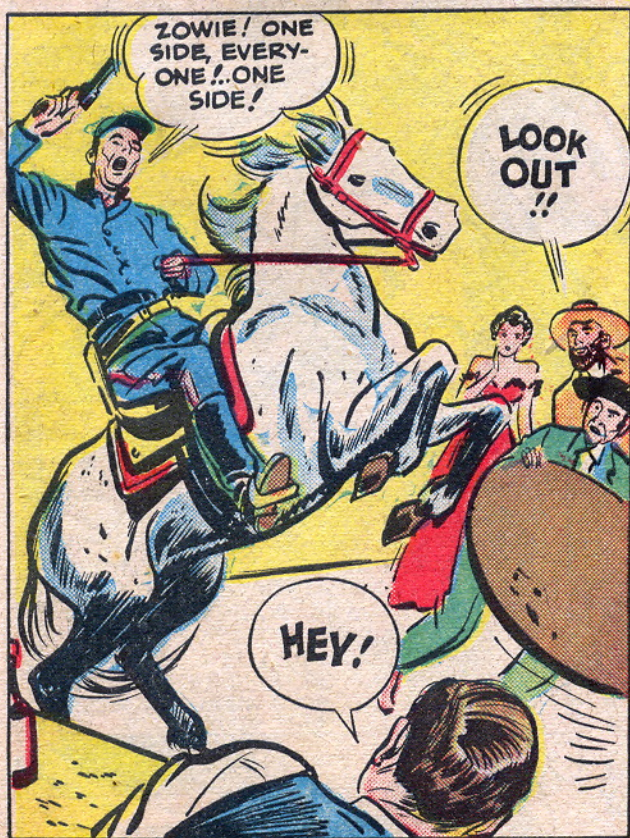
W. Hamilton

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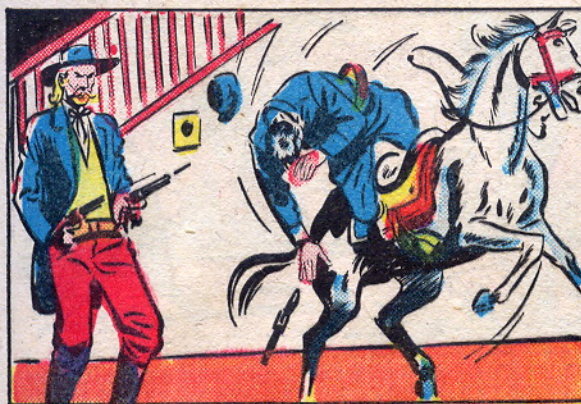
WHEREVER THIS ROMEO OF DEATH WENT HE ATTRACTED ATTENTION...



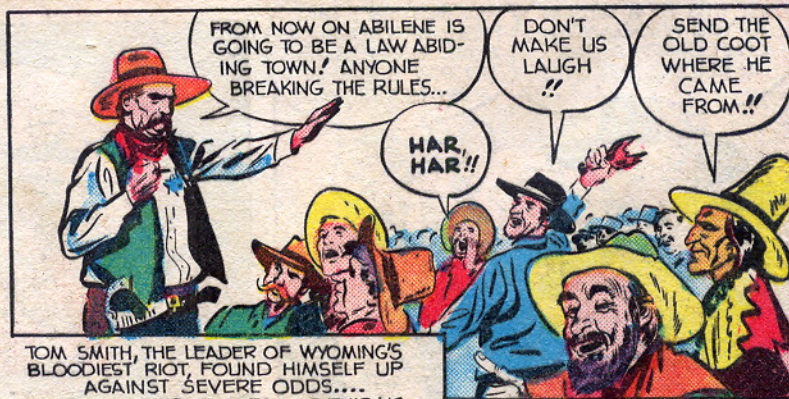
BUT WHILE SMART MEN AVOIDED WILD BILL, THERE WERE OTHERS WHO DIDN'T...HARDENED GUNMEN WHO, CRAZED WITH LIQUOR KNEW NO FEAR FOR MAN OR BEAST.....



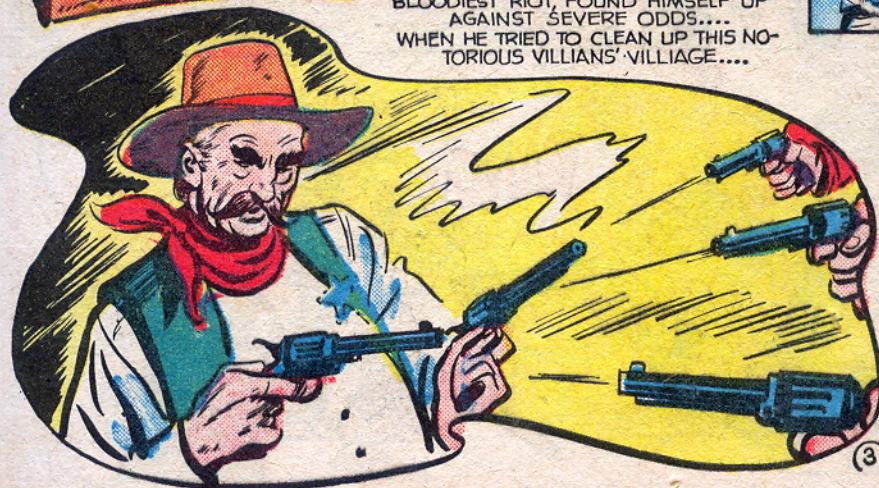
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Yes, AS CALMLY AS HE'D LIGHT A GIGARETTE, WILD BILL COULD KILL A MAN ...SOME FOLKS THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER THAT ENABLED HIM TO OUT-SHOOT A MAN EVEN WHEN THE OTHER DREW FIRST....BUT IT WASN'T...IT WAS DUE TO LIGHTNING REFLEXES AND A SENSE OF TIMING THAT WAS UNCANNY...

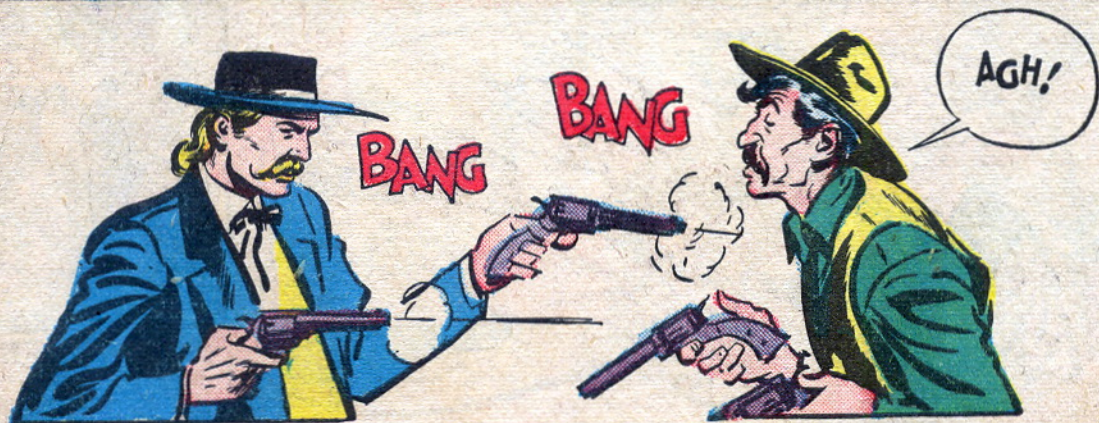
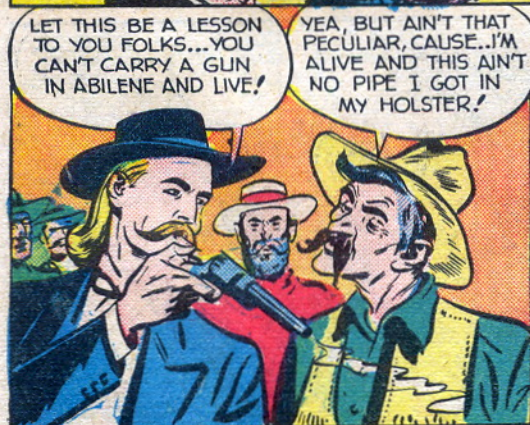
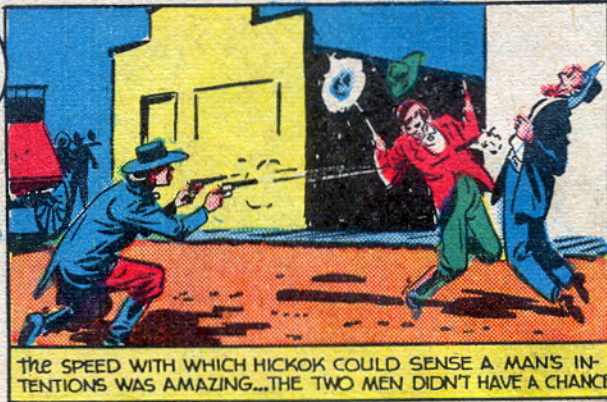


TOM SMITH, THE LEADER OF WYOMING'S BLOODIEST RIOT, FOUND HIMSELF UP AGAINST SEVERE ODDS.... WHEN HE TRIED TO CLEAN UP THIS NOTORIOUS VILLAINS' VILLAGE....



TOM SMITH WAS BURIED TWO DAYS LATER.....

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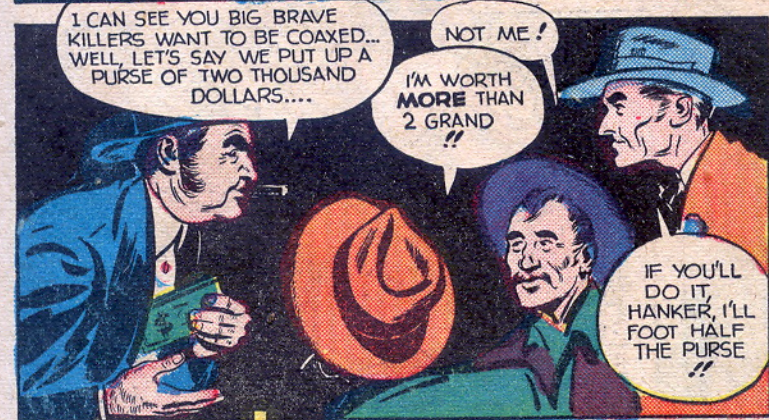
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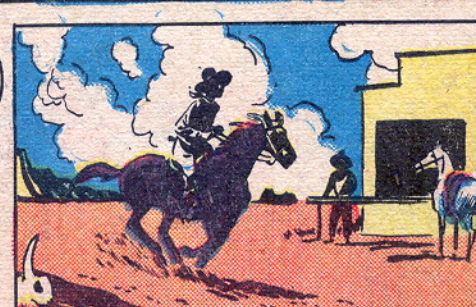
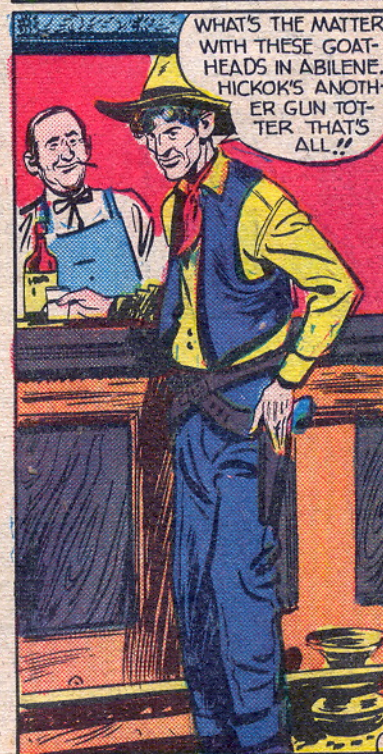
HICKOK DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME IN MAKING THE TOWN TOE THE MARK...ONE EVENING HE WALKED INTO ITS BIGGEST TOUGHEST DANCEHALL....



YEO, THE TOWN GAMBLERS DIDN'T LIKE WILD BILL'S ATTITUDE....AND USUALLY WHEN THEY DIDN'T LIKE SOMETHING, IT DIDN'T LAST LONG....



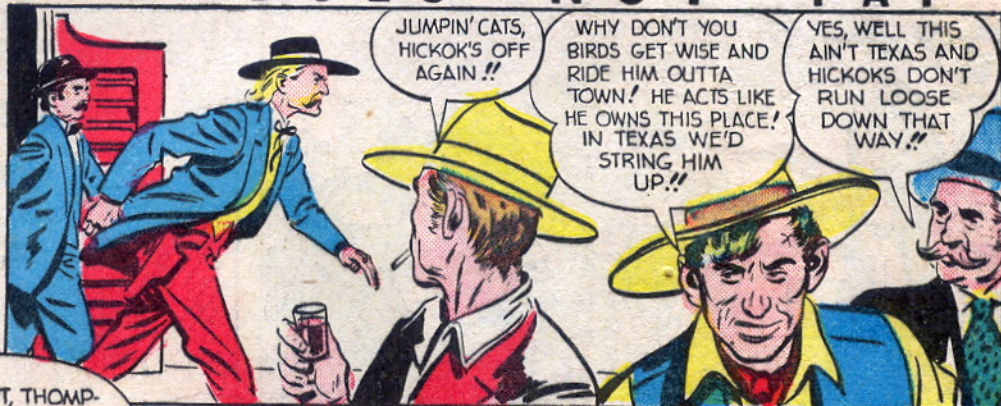
...AND HE WASN'T THE TYPE TO LET WILD BILL HICKOK'S REPUTATION SCARE HIM....



SO IT WAS THAT WES HARDING, COOLEST DESPERADO IN TEXAS MOVED IN ON ABILENE.. IN HIS 25 YEARS HE HAD KILLED 34 MEN AND WAS STILL GOING STRONG....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Q& THE DAYS ROLLED BY, WES HARDING WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE TO SHOOT IT OUT AND WILD BILL CONTINUED HIS FORCEFUL CLEAN-UP... THEN ONE EVENING IN BEN THOMPSON'S GAMBLING SALOON.....



JUMPIN' CATS, HICKOK'S OFF AGAIN!!

WHY DON'T YOU BIRDS GET WISE AND RIDE HIM OUTTA TOWN! HE ACTS LIKE HE OWNS THIS PLACE! IN TEXAS WE'D STRING HIM UP!!

YES, WELL THIS AIN'T TEXAS AND HICKOKS DON'T RUN LOOSE DOWN THAT WAY!!

ALL RIGHT, THOMPSON, I'VE WARNED YOU ENOUGH..CART THAT CROOKED CHIP TABLE OUT WHERE EVERYBODY CAN SEE IT!!

LISTEN, HICKOK!! DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT SQUIRT AT YER SIDE SAYS!! I RUN A STRAIGHT GAME HERE AND INTEND TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!!

YER GONNA KEEP IT STRAIGHT, ALL RIGHT...BUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!!

SURE, HICKOK!! YOU WIN THIS ROUND... TAKE THE TABLE OUT AND PLUNK IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, BOYS...JUST AS A FAVOR TO WILD BILL HICKOK!!!



T..THANKS, A LOT MR. HICKOK....I DIDN'T WANT OTHERS TO GET CHEATED TOO!!!

FORGET IT!! ANY-TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, LET ME KNOW!!!

HO, HO!! HAR HAR!! ALL HICKOK DOES IS OPEN HIS MOUTH AND EVERYONE JUMPS!! WHAT'S HE A SPOOK?



THE DIRTY SC!!XX!!..MAKE A LAUGHING STOCK OUTTA ME, WILL HE?..IF I HAVE TO PAY MY LAST CENT, I'LL SEE HIM BURIED!!

THAT'S WES HARDING LAUGHING AT THE BAR, MR. HICKOK...HE'S AFTER YOUR HIDE!!...BETTER BE CAREFUL!!

I KNOW THAT, BUT IT'S BETTER TO WAIT THOSE BABIES OUT... SOONER OR LATER, THEY GET CONFIDENT AND SHOW THEIR HAND, THEN I SHOOT IT OFF!!

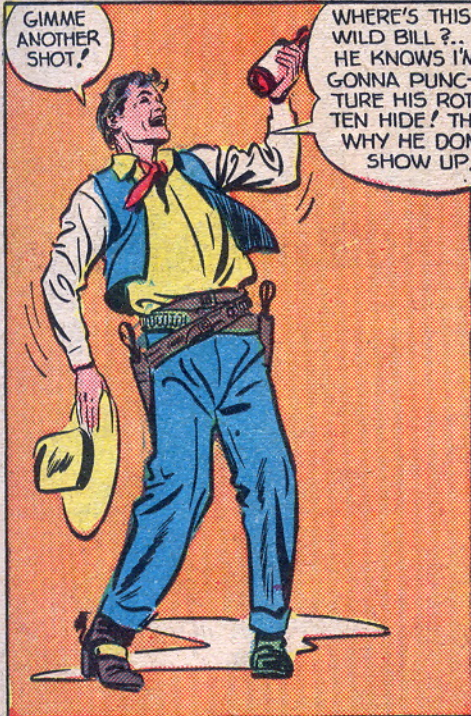


The TOWN WAS REALLY A HOT NEST OF HATE FOR WILD BILL NOW...WITH EVERY TOUGH GAMBLER IN TOWN THIRSTY FOR HIS BLOOD. IT WAS A MIRACLE HE HAD LIVED SO LONG....

BILL'S STRATEGY WAS TO LET HIS ENEMIES GET OVERCONFIDENT. HE NEVER REACHED FOR A GUN UNLESS HE INTENDED TO USE IT...AND WHEN HE DID, SOMEBODY DROPPED....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

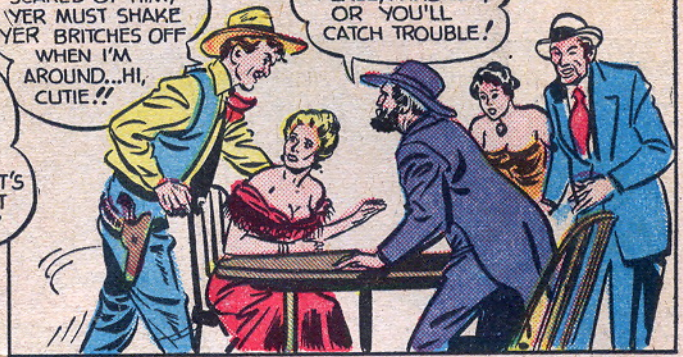
WAS HARDING FINALLY FELL INTO HICKOK'S TRAP...WHEN BILL FAILED TO BOTHER HIM, HIS COURAGE GREW UNTIL HE REALLY THOUGHT THE MARSHALL WAS AFRAID OF HIM.....



WHERE'S THIS WILD BILL?.. HE KNOWS I'M GONNA PUNCTURE HIS ROTTEN HIDE! THAT'S WHY HE DON'T SHOW UP..!!

HAR, HAR...IF YER SCARED OF HIM, YER MUST SHAKE YER BRITCHES OFF WHEN I'M AROUND...HI, CUTIE!!

KEEP IN YER PLACE, PARDNER, OR YOU'LL CATCH TROUBLE!



WHY YOU...



A FEW MINUTES LATER HICKOK APPEARED....

HE WENT DOWN THATA WAY, BILL.... DRUNK AS A COOT!!

THANKS !!

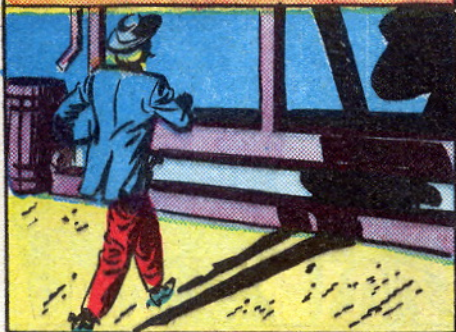


Finally BILL TRACED HIM BACK TO HIS HOTEL WHERE THE OUTLAW HAD EVIDENTLY ENDED UP DRUNK....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT SOMEHOW, HARDING HAD BEEN PRE-WARNED OF BILL'S VISIT...HE SAW HIM COMING FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW AND ALL HIS FALSE COURAGE VANISHED SUDDENLY.

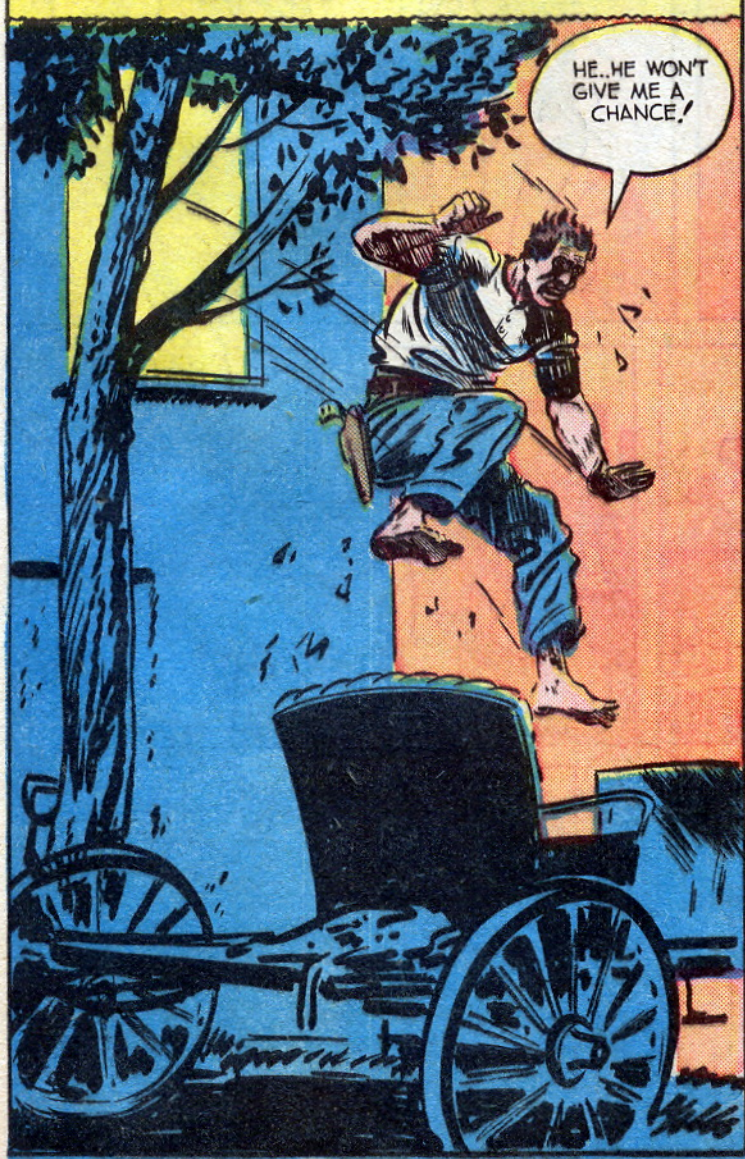


I..IT'S HICKOK!
H..HE'S OUT TA
SHOOT ME
DOWN !!



GOTTA
GET
AWAY!!

WES HARDING'S WILD PLUNGE CARRIED HIM STRAIGHT INTO
WILD BILL'S CARRIAGE.....BUT HE DIDN'T STOP THERE...



HE..HE WON'T
GIVE ME A
CHANCE!



I..I DON'T
WANTA
DIE NOW



WES HARDING, THE TOUGH DESPERADO,
RODE OFF THAT NIGHT, DRESSED AS
HE WAS, FOR TEXAS, NEVER TO
RETURN.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NEXT KILLER WHO UNDERTOOK THE JOB OF REMOVING WILD BILL WAS PHIL COLE, ALSO OF TEXAS...HE BARGED INTO TOWN FULL OF POMP AND SWAGGER...



SO THIS IS THE TOWN WILD BILL HICKOK, THE TERROR, RUNS...

IMPATIENT WITH THE WAY WILD BILL HAD BEEN IGNORING HIM, COLE DECIDED TO STIR UP SOME TROUBLE AND AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION HIMSELF...A FATAL MISTAKE...



YIPPEE!! WAHOO!! LET'S HAVE FUN AND FIRE GUNS!! HELLO, DOGGIE...



...AND GOOD-BYE!!



ATTRACTED BY THE GUN FIRE, HICKOK CAME OUT OF A RESTAURANT AND...

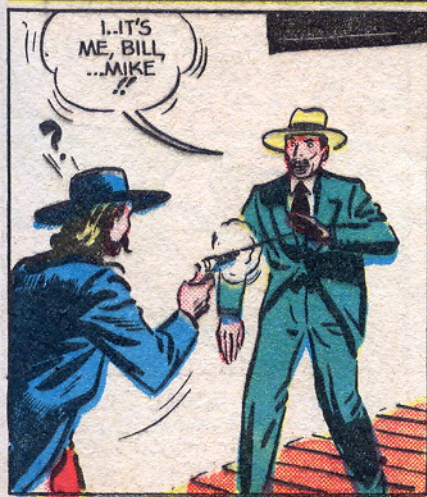
WHO'S MAKING ALL THE NOISE HERE?

I AM!!

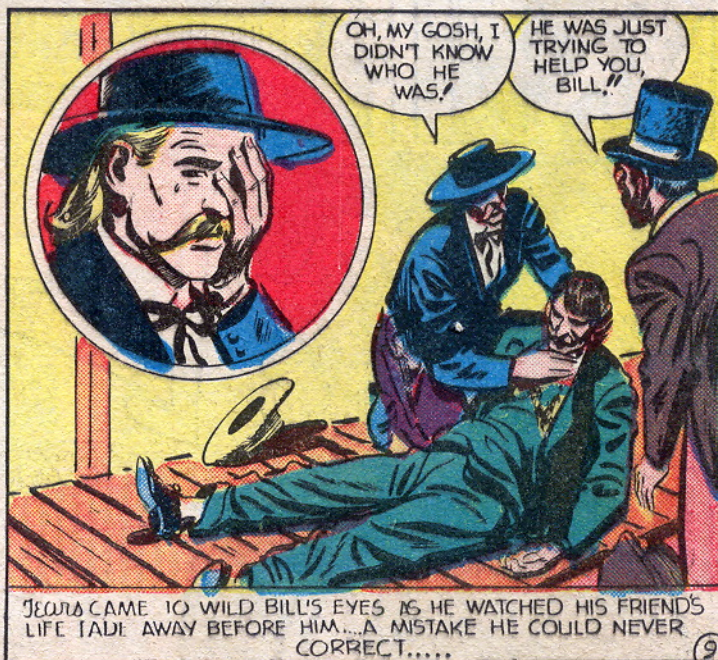


ANOTHER KILLER HAD LEARNED A FIRST DRAW WASN'T FAST ENOUGH.....

ONE OF THE SADDEST MOMENTS IN WILD BILL'S CAREER HAPPENED AT THIS MOMENT....THINKING ANOTHER FIGURE WHO RAN INTO THE SCENE TO BE COLE'S PAL, HICKOK SHOT AND KILLED HIM...IT TURNED OUT TO BE MIKE McWILLIAMS, ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES AND BEST FRIEND.



...IT'S ME, BILL...MIKE!!



OH, MY GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS!

HE WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU, BILL!!

JEWS CAME TO WILD BILL'S EYES AS HE WATCHED HIS FRIEND'S LIFE FADE AWAY BEFORE HIM...A MISTAKE HE COULD NEVER CORRECT.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WITH HALF THE TOWN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO KILL HIM, WILD BILL WAS STILL A MOST ENJOYABLE AND LIKEABLE PERSON AMONG HIS FRIENDS. OFTEN HE WOULD PLEASE THEM WITH HIS AMAZING EXHIBITION OF MARKSMANSHIP...

GOSH! HE PICKS IT OFF LIKE NOTHING AT ALL!!

GOLLY!! I COULDN'T HIT A DIME WITH A CANNON BALL!!

IT'S AMAZING! POSITIVELY AMAZING!!

DO IT AGAIN WILL YOU, BILL?

THAT'S HICKOK ALL RIGHT!! ALL THE MONEY I NEED IF I GET HIM...

DEATH CAME TO WILD BILL HICKOK FROM ONE SIMPLE MISTAKE. HE WAS SITTING WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR WHILE PLAYING CARDS, SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER DONE BEFORE.....STEALTHILY, THE COWARD SNEAKED UP BEHIND HIM.....

ONE OF THE STRANGEST SAGAS OF THE WEST IS THE STORY THAT WHILE HICKOK HAD NO KNOWLEDGE ANYONE WAS BEHIND HIM, HE STILL HAD BOTH GUNS IN HIS HAND WHEN THEY PICKED HIM UP. IN THE SPLIT INSTANT THE BULLET WAS PLOWING THROUGH HIS BRAIN, HIS LIGHTNING REFLEXES AUTOMATICALLY MADE HIM GRAB HIS SIX SHOOTERS. IS IT ANY WONDER THIS MIRACLE MARKSMAN COULD NOT BE KILLED FACE TO FACE?

Next Month CRIME COMICS BRINGS YOU THE DYNAMIC, DYNAMITE PACKED STORY OF MEXICO'S MOST COLORFUL CHARACTER... **PANCHO VILLA!!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OFFICER EDWARD MAHER

and the *Mind* of Dog Killers of FIFTH AVENUE

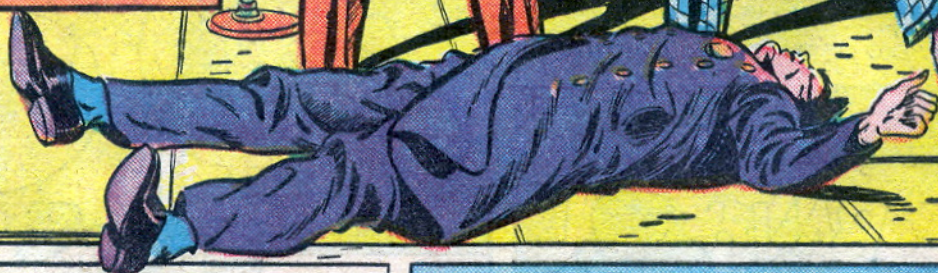
There HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS KILLINGS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK...BRUTAL RUTHLESS MURDERS THAT SHOCKED EVEN HARDENED POLICE OFFICERS...BUT NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME HAVE TWO MEN BLAZED A PATH OF DEATH BEFORE THEM MORE BLOODY THAN THE ESPOSITO BROTHERS.... A VICTIM OF THEIR INSANE CAMPAIGN WAS PATROLMAN EDWARD MAHER...

The EDITORS DEDICATE THIS STORY TO THE MEMORY OF THAT HEROIC OFFICER WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN THE LINE OF DUTY....

FOR VICTORY

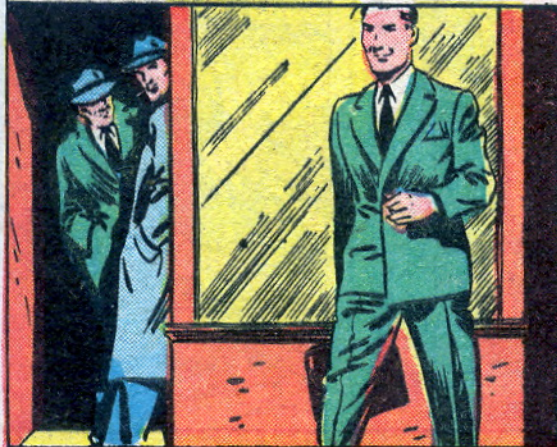


BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



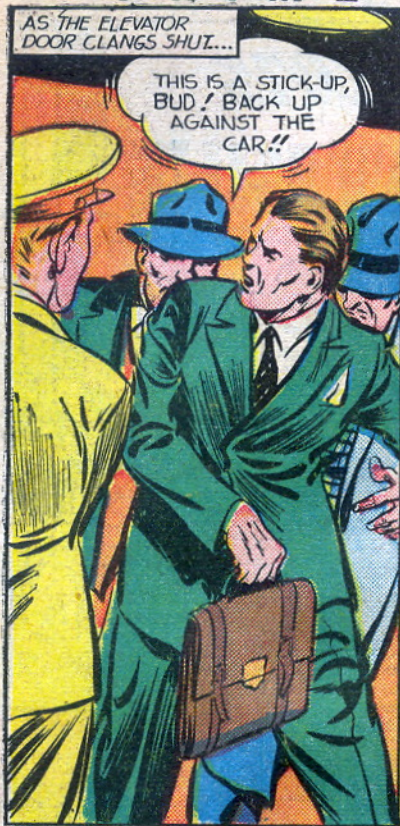
OUR TALE OF BUTCHERY BEGINS ONE BRIGHT AFTER-NOON IN FRONT OF THE IRVING TRUST COMPANY...LITTLE DID ALFRED KLAUSMAN KNOW THAT TRAGEDY STALKED HIS FOOTSTEPS.....

WITH THE TREAD OF DOOM CLOSE BEHIND HIM, THE YOUNG MONEY CARRIER ENTERS HIS FIRM'S BUILDING.....



AS THE ELEVATOR
DOOR CLANGS SHUT...

THIS IS A STICK-UP,
BUD! BACK UP
AGAINST THE
CAR!!



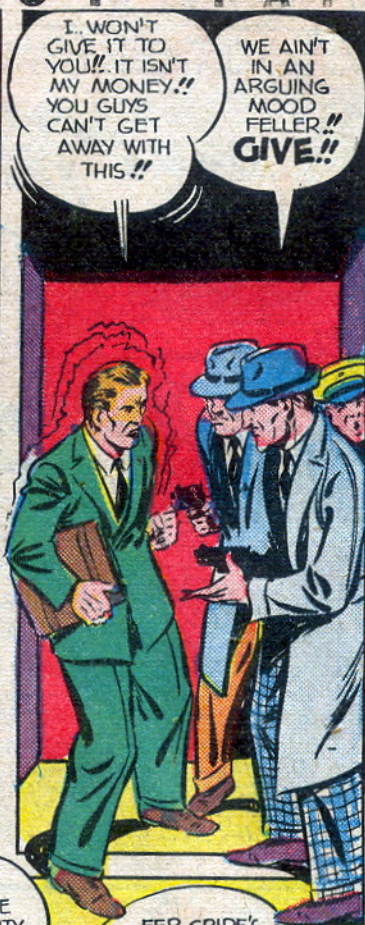
IF YA DON'T WANNA
DIE YOUNG, STOP THIS
RAT-TRAP BETWEEN
FLOORS!!

SURE...
SURE...
D.DON'T
SHOOT!



I.. WON'T
GIVE IT TO
YOU!!.. IT ISN'T
MY MONEY!!
YOU GUYS
CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!!

WE AIN'T
IN AN
ARGUING
MOOD
FELLER!!
GIVE!!



KLASMAN WOULDN'T GIVE, BUT ANTHONY
ESPOSITO DID... HIS VICIOUS LITTLE MIND
SEEING RED, HE BLASTED A BULLET THROUGH
THE HEAD OF THE TREMBLING FIGURE
BEFORE HIM....

OKAY,
JOIK!!

BANG



I BETTER
POP THE KID
OFF TOO!!

NAW, WE
CAN'T WOIK
DA CAR!! TAKE
US DOWN, PANTY-
WAIST!! THEN,
SCRAM UPSTAIRS
OR YOU GET
THE SAME!!



FER CRIPES
SAKE, LIFT YER
FEET!!.. THIS
JOINT' WILL GO
NUTS IN A
MINUTE!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE COURAGEOUS ELEVATOR OPERATOR RISKED DEATH AND....

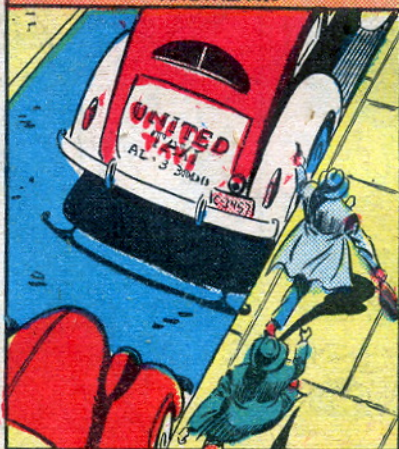
CARRIAGE



CAN'T YOU SEE THE TRUCKS BLOCKING ME? I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M STUCK!



WITH TERROR GRIPPING THEIR HEARTS, THE FRANTIC ESPOSITO BROTHERS LEAPED FROM THE CAB AND RACED FOR ANOTHER....



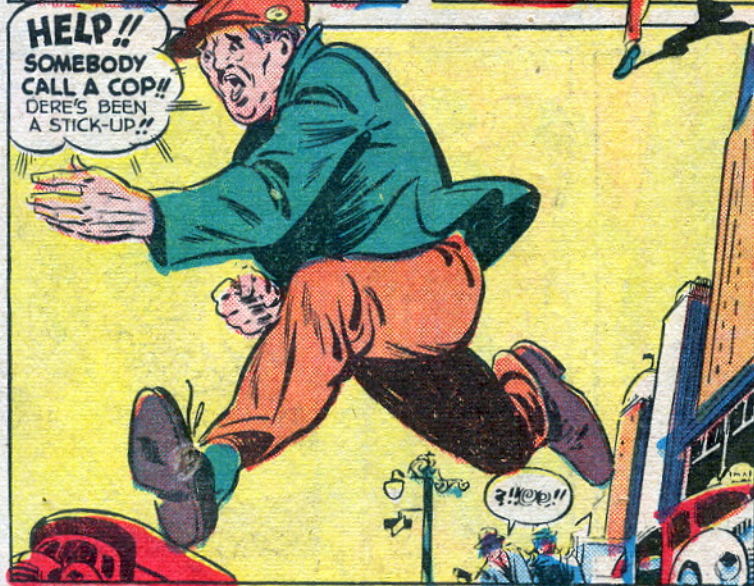
GET THIS CAB OUTTA HERE FAST AN' DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!!

HUH?

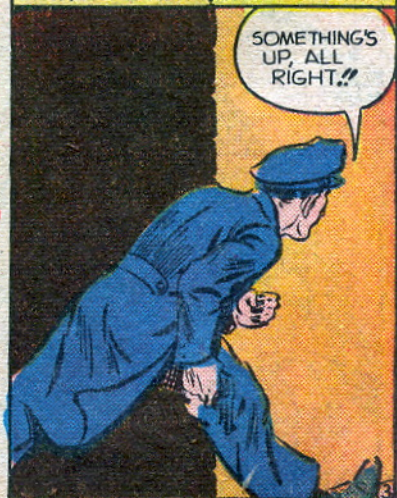
SIZZLING FISH-CAKES!! IT'S A HOLD-UP!! T.THEY'RE HEADING FOR ME CAB!!



HELP!! SOMEBODY CALL A COP!! DERE'S BEEN A STICK-UP!!



IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT OFFICER MAHER HEARD THE CRIES FOR ASSISTANCE AS HE PATROLLED HIS BEAT....



SOMETHING'S UP, ALL RIGHT!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CAREFULLY, PATROLMAN MAHER LEVELED HIS SERVICE REVOLVER AT THE FLEEING KILLERS...



MAHER'S BULLETS APPEARED TO STRIKE HOME... ANTHONY ESPOSITO SUD- DENLY CLUTCHED HIS WAIST AND STAG- GERED TO THE SIDEWALK.....



SUDDENLY, THE TREACH- EROUS KILLER ROLLED OVER...HIS HAND RIP- PED OUT A HIDDEN GUN AND FIRED POINT BLANK AT THE OFFICER. MAHER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE....

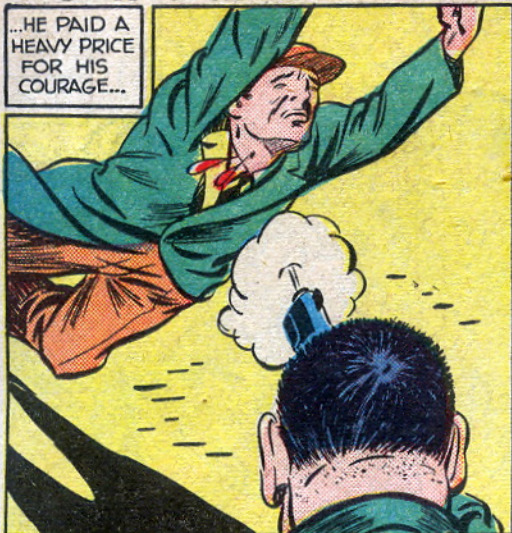


AN OUTRAGED CAB DRIVER SPRANG FROM THE CROWD...

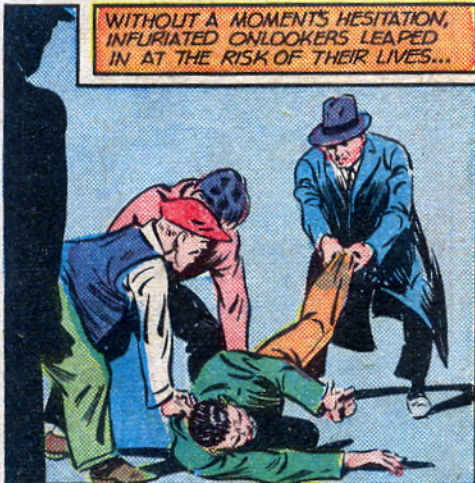


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

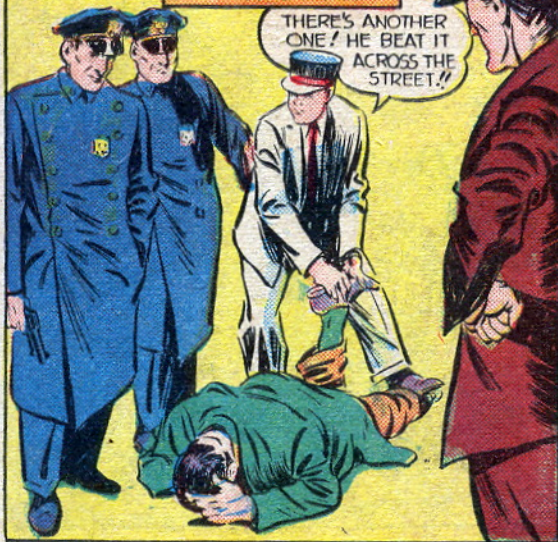
...HE PAID A
HEAVY PRICE
FOR HIS
COURAGE...



WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION,
INFURIATED ONLOOKERS LEAPED
IN AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES...



WITH ANTHONY ESPOSITO SUBDUED AND WEEPING ON
THE PAVEMENT, ARRIVING POLICE TRIED TO PIECE THE
DRAMA TOGETHER...



THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE! HE BEAT IT
ACROSS THE
STREET!!

I SAW HIM, OFFICER!
HE STARTED TO
COME BACK, THEN DUCK-
ED INTO THE FIVE-AND-
TEN WHEN WE OVER-
POWERED THIS
GUY!!

THEY SHOT
DOWN A PAY-
ROLL CARRIER
IN COLD BLOOD!
HE'S IN THE
ELEVATOR,
DEAD!!

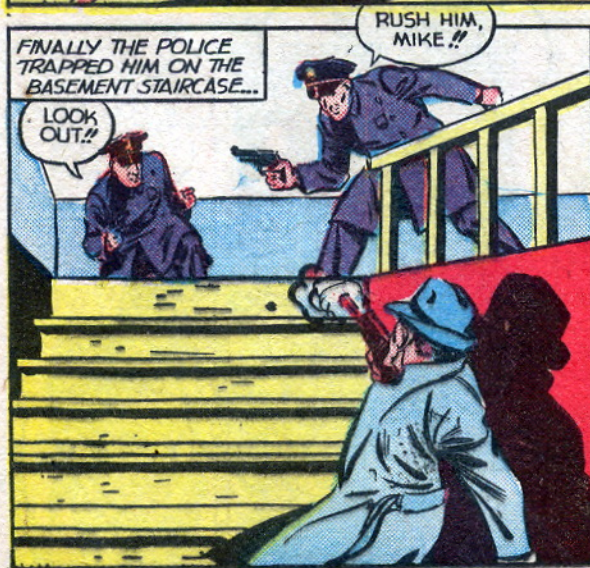
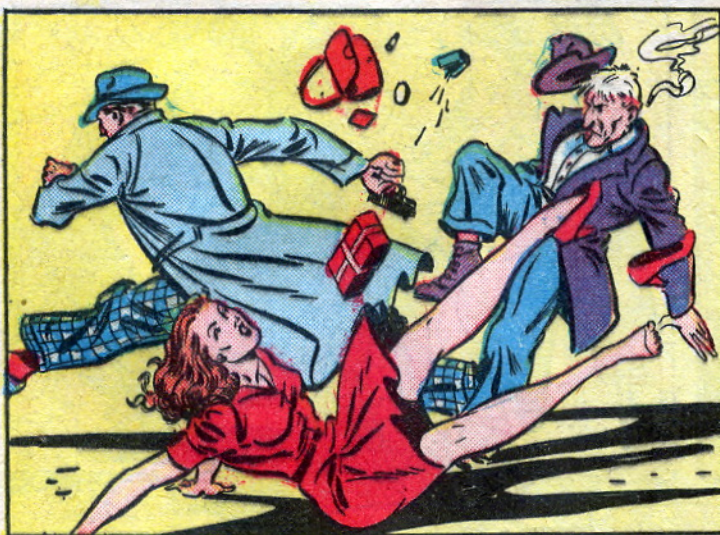


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BY THIS TIME WILLIAM ESPOSITO, CRAZED WITH FEAR, WAS SMASHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE STORE....



TRAPPED WITHIN THE COUNTERS BY THE POLICE, HE RAN AMUCK LIKE A CRAZED BEAST....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU AREN'T SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR GUN!!

STOOPING OVER THE DAZED GUN-MAN, POLICE WERE AMAZED TO FIND TWO GUNS SECRETED ON HIS PERSON....



SCREAMING LIKE A LUNATIC, WILLIAM ESPOSITO WAS DRAGGED TOWARD THE ENTRANCE...

HE'S BATTY ALL RIGHT!!

OO!!XX!
LET ME LOOSE!!



AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL WILLIAM AND ANTHONY FEIGN INSANITY....

HALFWAY OUT, HE SUDDENLY CLUTCHED FOR A THIRD GUN IN HIS STOCKING, BUT THE POLICE WERE TOO QUICK FOR HIM.....



OH NO, YOU DON'T!!

OUTSIDE, A JEERING CROWD SENT THE MAD-DOG KILLERS TO THEIR JUST REWARD....



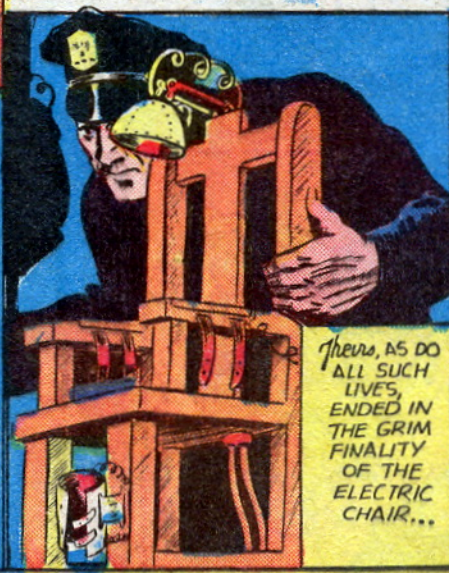
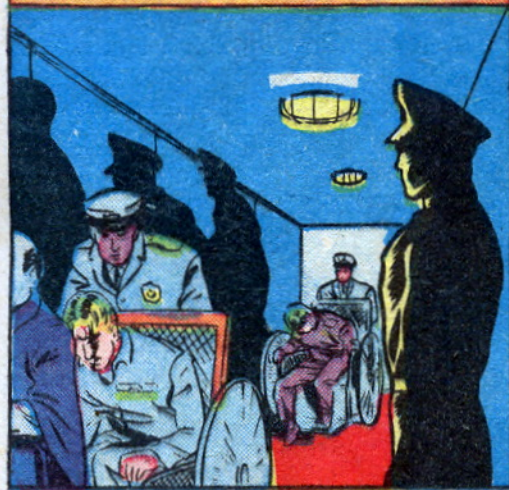
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO BRUTAL!!

WE OUGHTA STRING 'EM UP RIGHT HERE!!



HA, HA! BLAST ALL COPS!!

BUT AUTHORITIES WERE NOT TO BE TRICKED... THURSDAY, MARCH 12, THE ESPOSITO BROTHERS WERE WHEELED TO THEIR JUST REWARD... TOO LATE THEY REALIZED THE VALUE OF LIFE... LIFE THEY SNUFFED OUT SO RECKLESSLY....



There, AS DO ALL SUCH LIVES, ENDED IN THE GRIM FINALITY OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...

Next
MONTH
AND EVERY
MONTH
CRIME COMICS
WILL GIVE
YOU THE
real truth
BEHIND
THE
UNSWING
POLICE
HEROES OF
OUR DAY
...o...o...

the SAGA of HARPSHEAD ROAD



MANY YEARS AGO, THERE ROAMED THE WESTERN BAD LANDS, A CLAN KNOWN AS THE HARPS... DRIFTING SLOVENLY THROUGH THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES, THEY LEFT A CRIMINAL TRAIL OF MURDER AND THIEVERY BEHIND THEM... NO CRIME WAS TOO BRUTAL TO SATISFY THEIR FIENDISH LUST... THEY KILLED FOR THE LOVE OF IT AND WERE AS ELUSIVE TO CATCH AS THE WINDS THAT SWEEPED THE PLAINS...

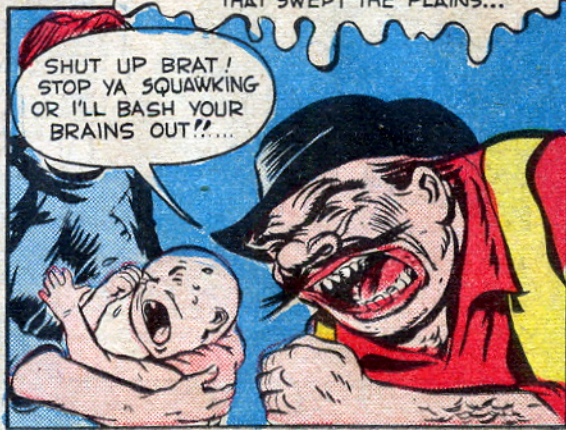
BIG HARP, THE LEADER, TREATED HIS FOLLOWING LIKE DOGS... HIS WORD WAS LAW AND NO MONKEY-SHINES ALLOWED...

COME ON! GETCHA THINGS TOGETHER... WE'RE GOING ACROSS THE DESERT TO NEW TERRITORY!!

OH STOP YA YELLING! CAN'T YA SEE LITTLE BILL IS SICK!!



SHUT UP BRAT! STOP YA SQUAWKING OR I'LL BASH YOUR BRAINS OUT!!...



ALRIGHT YA RED EYED BAG OF TROUBLE, KEEP A CRYING!



YA SHOULD'NT A DONE THAT BIG HARP. THE KID DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM...

KEEP YA TEETH SHUT WOMAN, AND PACK THEM BAGS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE HARPS WOULD WANDER IN CRUDE STYLE UNTIL THEY FOUND TROUBLE OR TROUBLE FOUND THEM.....



HELLO STRANGER! ME AND MY FRIENDS AIN'T GOT NO PLACE TO PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT... SUPPOSE WE COULD USE YOUR BACK SHEDS?

SURE THING! JUST GO RIGHT OUT AND MAKE YOURSELF AS LIVABLE AS POSSIBLE... AIN'T MUCH SHELTER BUT YORE WELCOME TO IT!



NIGHT TIME WAS WHEN THE HARPS FELT AT THEIR BEST FOR CRIME...

LISTEN BRAT! YOU GO SNEAKING IN THAT BACK DOOR AND SEE WHAT THE STRANGERS UP TO...

SURE THING, BIG HARP!



WHEE-E! MONEY!!



ONE HUNDRED ONE, ONE HUNDRED TWO...



GRAB HOLD OF THAT GOLD AND BRING IT OUTSIDE, KIDS... AND DON'T POCKET NONE OF IT OR I'LL BREAK YORE BACKS...



WOW! MONEY, MONEY!

SO LONG, STRANGER! HAR HAR. KEEP YORE WITS ABOUT YA, NEXT TIME! HAR HAR?



PEACE OFFICERS ALWAYS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE TOO LATE...

THEY ALL JUMPED ME AT ONCE... FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS THEY STOLE... MY WHOLE YEARS SAVINGS... OOOH!!

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM AND RETURN YOUR MONEY.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE HARPS CONTINUED THEIR SAVAGE CRUSADE OF HORROR WEEK AFTER WEEK... MONTH AFTER MONTH... SOME OF THE GANG WERE SHOT BY PEACE OFFICERS BUT ALWAYS THE FORCEFUL LEADER, BIG HARP SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS...



CHASING THE ECHOES OF HARPS FIENDISH LAUGHTER, AUTHORITIES FOLLOWED IN HIS MAD AND GORY FOOTSTEPS WITHOUT SUCCESS.

THE DEVIL HIMSELF SEEMED TO BE URGING THIS MONSTER OF THE PLAINS ON— HIS CRIMES BECAME MORE BRUTAL AND DARING WITH EACH—

AS THE DAY OF JUSTICE COMES TO ALL CRIMINALS, IT CAME TO BIG HARP... WHILE ON A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS CAMPAIGN OF MURDER, HE WAS SURPRISED BY ALERT OFFICERS...

IT'S BIG HARP! LET'S GET HIM SURE THIS TIME!



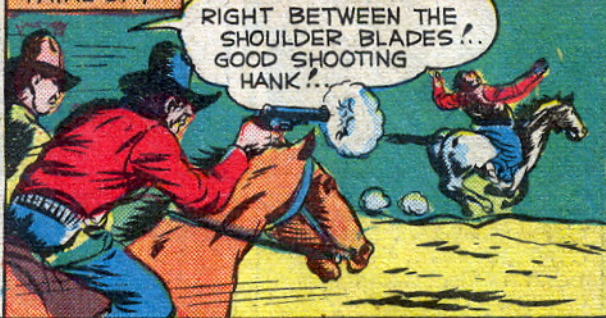
YA DIRTY CAYOTES FINALLY GOT ME BUT YA HAD A HARD CHASE... AND I CAN'T DIE BUT ONCE!

YOU BLACK HEARTED SCOUNDREL! WE OUGHTTA CUT YOUR CARCASS TO RIBBONS.

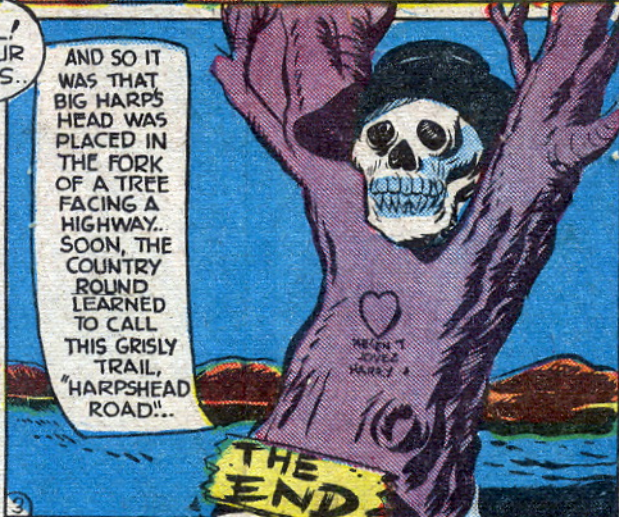


BIG HARP RODE FAST AND HARD BUT THE OFFICERS WERE NOT TO BE SLIPPED THIS FATAL DAY...

RIGHT BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES!... GOOD SHOOTING HANK!...



AND SO IT WAS THAT BIG HARPS HEAD WAS PLACED IN THE FORK OF A TREE FACING A HIGHWAY... SOON, THE COUNTRY ROUND LEARNED TO CALL THIS GRISLY TRAIL, "HARPSHEAD ROAD"...



Two-legged RATS

By Montana

OF ALL THE ROGUES THAT HAVE WALKED THE FACE OF THIS EARTH, NONE HAD A BLACKER, UGLIER SOUL THAN JON OVERS

OVERS WAS A RETIRED FERRYMAN IN THE TOWN OF UTRECHT, HOLLAND, WHERE HE WAS AVOIDED BY EVERY RESPECTABLE CITIZEN AND EVEN THOSE WHO WERE NOT RESPECTABLE. HIS CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND CHILDREN WAS SURPASSED ONLY BY HIS MEANNESS TO HIS SERVANTS

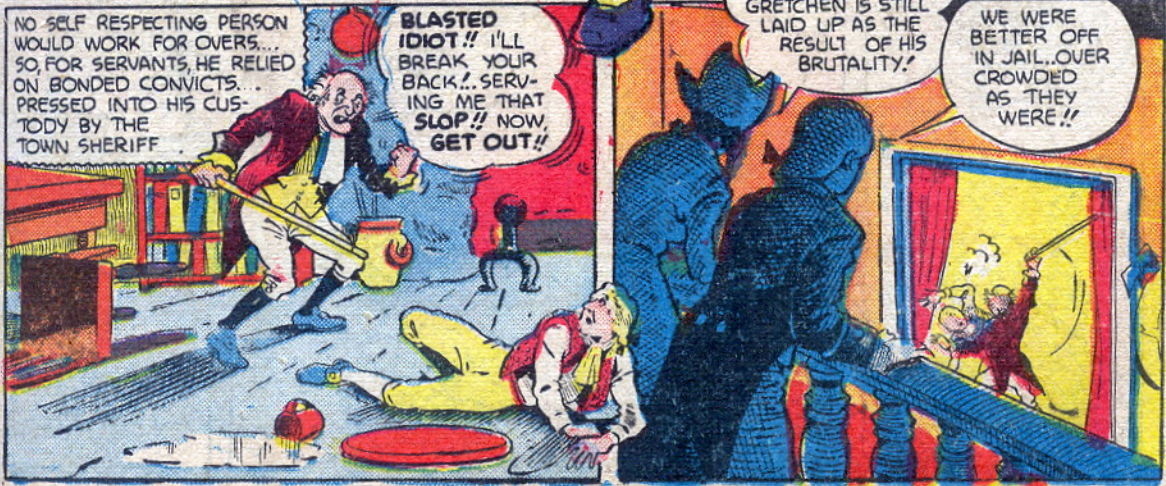


NO SELF RESPECTING PERSON WOULD WORK FOR OVERS... SO, FOR SERVANTS, HE RELIED ON BONDED CONVICTS... PRESSED INTO HIS CUSTODY BY THE TOWN SHERIFF

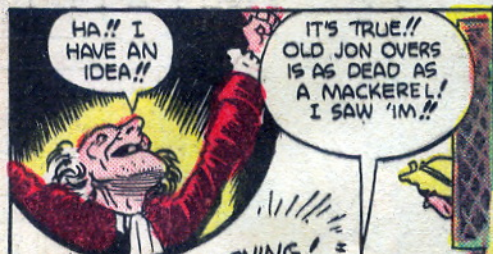
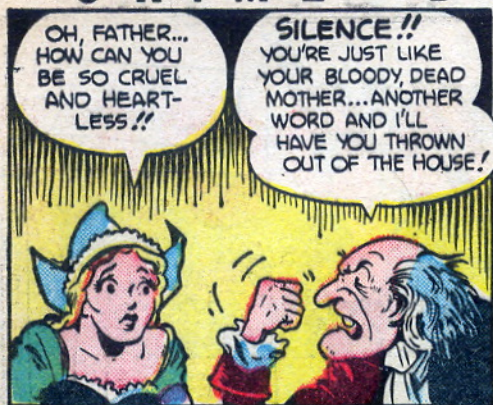
BLASTED IDIOT!! I'LL BREAK YOUR BACK... SERVING ME THAT SLOP!! NOW, GET OUT!!

OH THE BEAST!! HE'S BEATING PETER...AND POOR GRETCHEN IS STILL LAID UP AS THE RESULT OF HIS BRUTALITY!

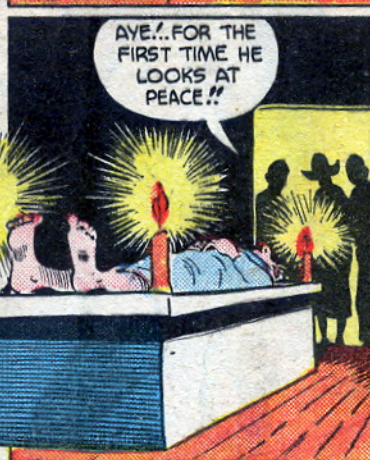
WE WERE BETTER OFF IN JAIL...OVER CROWDED AS THEY WERE!!



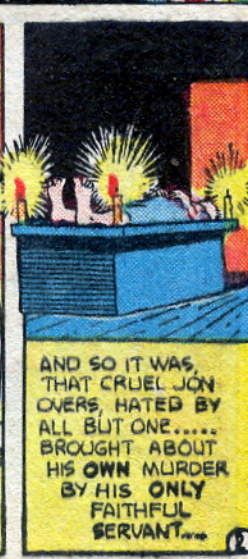
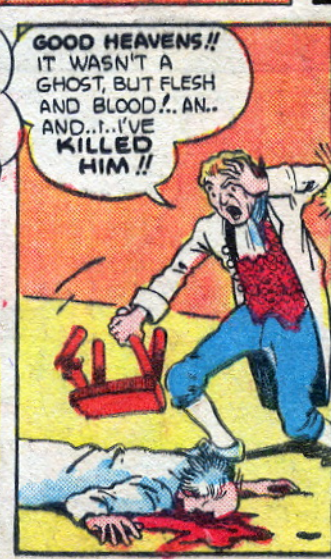
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



...AND SURE ENOUGH IN A GLOOMY ROOM LAID OUT ON A COLD SLAB WITH FOUR CANDLES SHINING IN THE DARKNESS, WAS OLD JON OVERS.



BUT AS SOON AS HE WAS SURE EVERYONE HAD SEEN HIM JON GOT UP...

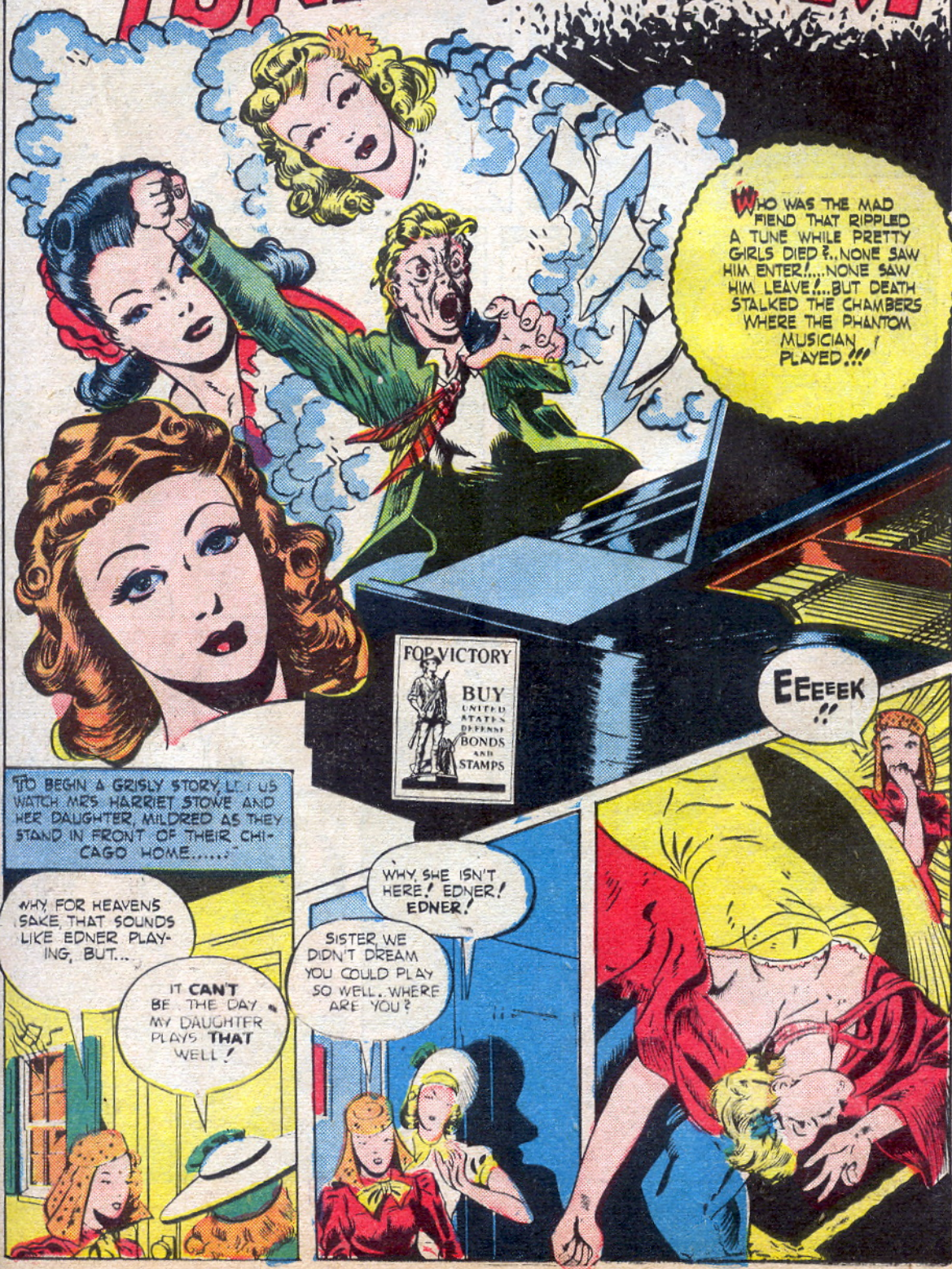


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE MAD MUSICIAN

and his

TUNES OF DOOM



WHO WAS THE MAD FIEND THAT RIPPED A TUNE WHILE PRETTY GIRLS DIED?...NONE SAW HIM ENTER!...NONE SAW HIM LEAVE!...BUT DEATH STALKED THE CHAMBERS WHERE THE PHANTOM MUSICIAN PLAYED!!!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

EEEEEEK!!

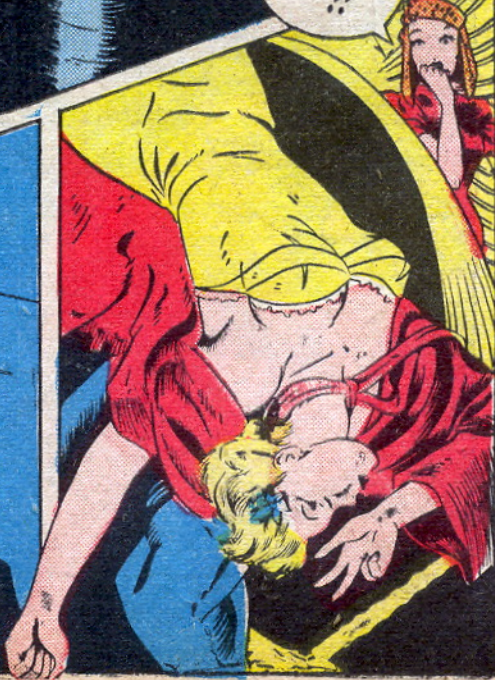
TO BEGIN A GRISLY STORY, LET US WATCH MRS. HARRIET STOWE AND HER DAUGHTER, MILDRED AS THEY STAND IN FRONT OF THEIR CHICAGO HOME.....

WHY, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, THAT SOUNDS LIKE EDNER PLAYING, BUT...

IT CAN'T BE THE DAY MY DAUGHTER PLAYS THAT WELL!

WHY SHE ISN'T HERE! EDNER! EDNER!

SISTER WE DIDN'T DREAM YOU COULD PLAY SO WELL. WHERE ARE YOU?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AND SO BEGAN A BLOODY STRING OF MYSTERIES THAT WAS SOON TO SEND CHICAGO'S POLICE FORCE UNDER EVERY STONE AND TWIG FOR CLUES.....

NOT A CLUE FROM THIS PENCIL AND IT'S THE ONLY BIT OF EVIDENCE THE KILLER LEFT.

WE BETTER KEEP IT JUST THE SAME, IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY!



MONTHS PASS... THEN ONE JUNE EVENING MISS FERN COUSINES, A SCHOOL TEACHER, ENTERS HER HOME WITH A STRANGE COMPANION, A DARK, SLEEK MAN.....

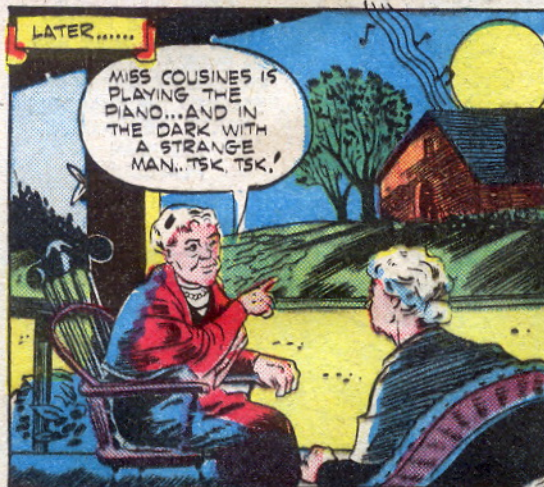
WHY, THAT'S STRANGE, FERN ISN'T WITH HER BOY FRIEND TONIGHT! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT MAN BEFORE!

HMM... MAYBE THEY'VE HAD A LOVER'S QUARREL !!



LATER.....

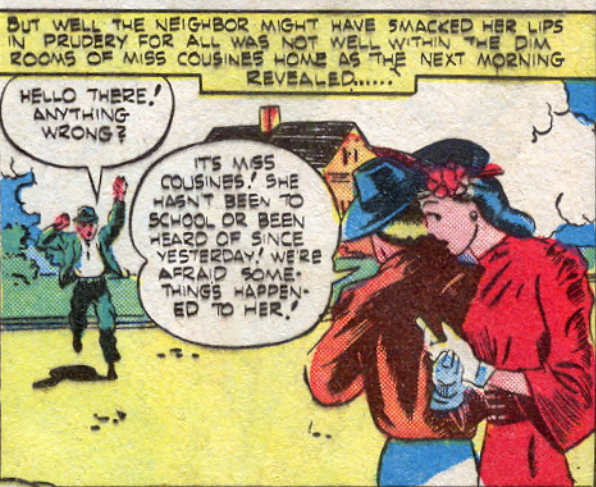
MISS COUSINES IS PLAYING THE PIANO... AND IN THE DARK WITH A STRANGE MAN... TSK, TSK!



BUT WELL THE NEIGHBOR MIGHT HAVE SMACKED HER LIPS IN PRUDERY FOR ALL WAS NOT WELL WITHIN THE DIM ROOMS OF MISS COUSINES HOME AS THE NEXT MORNING REVEALED.....

HELLO THERE! ANYTHING WRONG?

IT'S MISS COUSINES! SHE HANST BEEN TO SCHOOL OR BEEN HEARD OF SINCE YESTERDAY! WE'RE AFRAID SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER!



SOMETHING HAD INDEED HAPPENED TO MISS COUSINES.. THE MAD ASSASSIN HAD STRUCK AGAIN.....

GREAT HEAVENS!!

EEEEK

BUT THIS TIME THE INVISIBLE STRANGLER HAD LEFT A MUCH MORE SUBSTANTIAL CLUE AS DETECTIVES SLATER AND DAVIS, NOW RESOLVED TO SETTLE THE CASE, REALIZED....

LOOK DAVIS I FOUND THIS ON THE PIANO

HMM... THE INITIAL Z AND A VERY EXPENSIVE IMPORT... THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO TRACK DOWN!!



THE TWO DETECTIVES LOST NO TIME IN GOING TO WORK ON THEIR FIRST IMPORTANT CLUE. AFTER WEEKS OF CHECKING THEY FINALLY LIMITED THE HANDKERCHIEF SALE TO A SMALL ITALIAN STORE

WHO I SELL EET TO? SURE I REMEMBER MY DAUGHTER SELL THAT TO MAN NAMED ZILLA!

ZILLA AYE! COME ON DAVIS I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

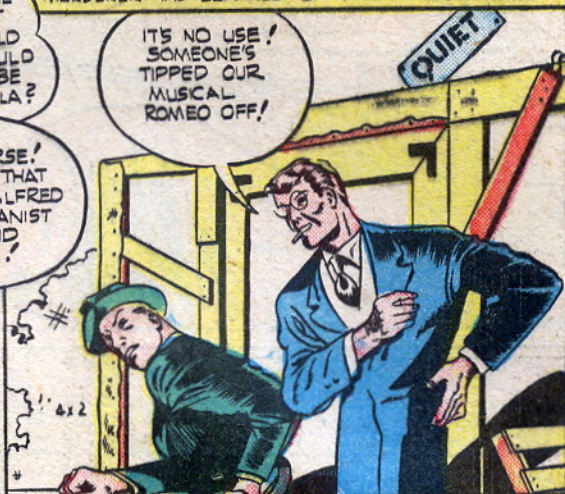
SOME HOURS LATER, THE DETECTIVES END UP AT THE MARCO DRUG STORE, THE PLACE THAT SOLD THE PENCIL WHICH NO ONE COULD SOLVE.....



LAST TIME WE WERE HERE YOU COULDN'T TELL US WHO YOU SOLD THAT PENCIL TO! COULD IT BY ANY CHANCE BE A MAN NAMED ZILLA?

OH, OF COURSE! HE'S THE ONE THAT BOUGHT IT... ALFRED ZILLA THE PIANIST AT GRAND THEATRE!

FOR HOURS THE TWO CRIME HUNTERS WAITED AT THE GRAND THEATRE FOR ZILLA TO SHOW UP, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS... SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERER HAD LEARNED OF THEIR PRESENCE.....



IT'S NO USE! SOMEONE'S TIPPED OUR MUSICAL ROMEO OFF!

FOR MONTHS ALL CLUES VANISHED... THE KILLER APPARENTLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE WORLD... THEN ONE DAY, A YOUNG FARMER IN LIMA, OHIO RECEIVED A CALLER...



HOW DO YOU DO, SIR? I CAME TO ANSWER YOUR AD IN THE PAPER FOR A FARM HAND.

OH, YES, COME IN!

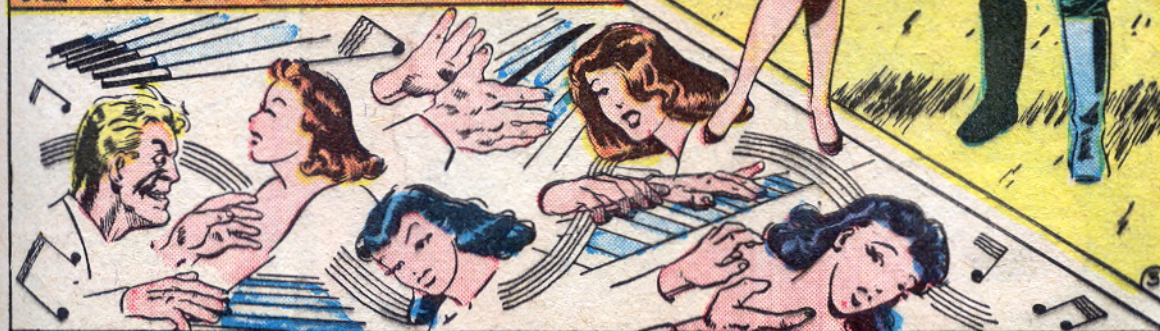
SEVERAL WEEKS AGO AND THIS NEW YOUNG FARMHAND SEEMED TO BE JUST THE MAN FARMER YOUNGBLOOD WANTED... A HARD WORKER WITH NO OTHER INTERESTS EXCEPT.....



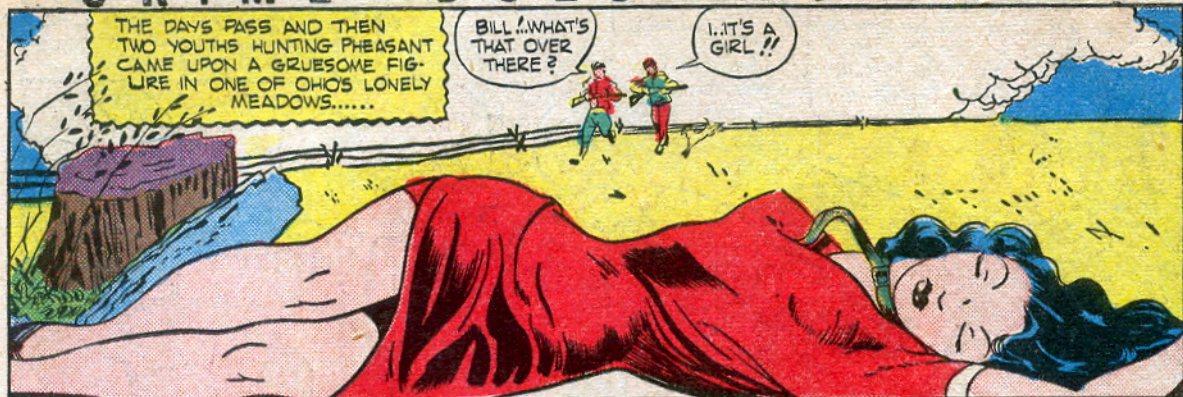
I NEVER DREAMED FARM LIFE COULD BE SO EXCITING TO ME! IT MUST BE THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER THAT INTRIGUES ME SO!

OH, YOU'RE JUST TEASING ME!

AS TIME PASSED, THE FERVOUR OF THE DEATH BARON MOUNTED... HIS SENSES BECAME MORE INFLAMED EACH DAY AS HIS HANDS DANCED OVER THE KEYBOARD FOR THE INNOCENT FARM GIRL.....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

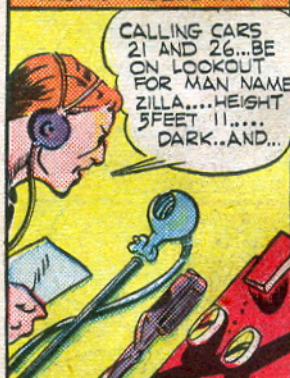


QUICKLY THE NEWS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE STATE...A WIDESPREAD SEARCH COVERED EVERY KNOWN HIDEOUT.....

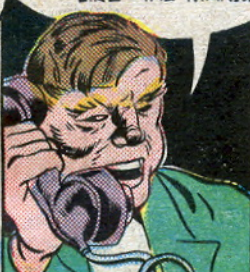
FOR WEEKS NOTHING HAPPENED...THEN AN UNDERGROUND STOOL PIG PHONED DETECTIVE SLATER ONE DAY....

THE TWO DETECTIVES LOST NO TIME FOLLOWING THEIR FIRST GOOD TIP.....

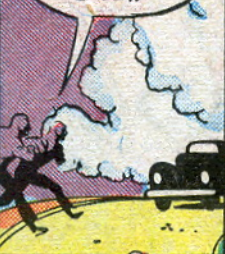
ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN THE POLICE SWOOPED DOWN UPON AN OLD RUN DOWN BOARDING HOUSE.....



BOYS, A GUY NAMED ZILLA IS STAYING AT TWENTY TWO OAK STREET IN A BOARDING HOUSE..LOOKS LIKE THE MAN...

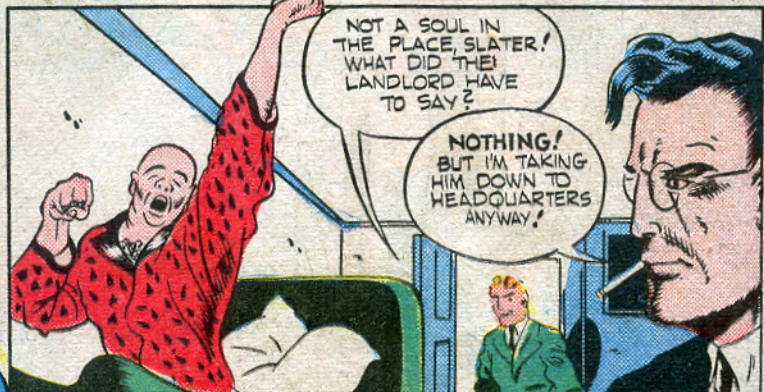


IT'S ABOUT TIME WE CAUGHT UP WITH THAT BUTCHER! BETTER BRING SOME COPS WITH US...JUST IN CASE!!



THE LANDLORD CLAIMED NO KNOWLEDGE OF SUCH A MAN, BUT SLATER WAS FIRM...EVEN THIS MAN MIGHT BE TIED UP WITH ZILLA.....

COME ON!! DON'T GIVE ME THAT! WE KNOW HE'S HERE! WHERE'S HE HIDING?

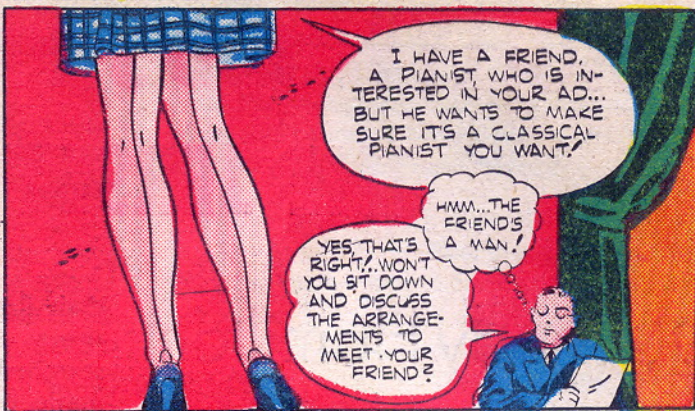


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE KILLER HAD DUCKED BY THE TIME DETECTIVES REACHED THE WEST SIDE BOARDING HOUSE... KNOWING ZILLA'S WEAKNESS FOR MUSIC, SLATER OPENED AN ORCHESTRA AGENTS OFFICE...



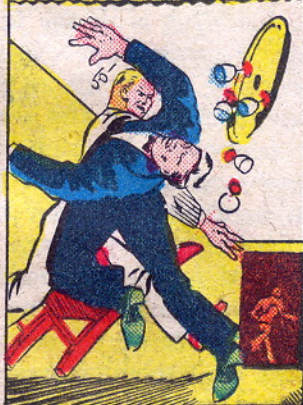
THE WEEKS PASSED... FINALLY IN DESPERATION, SLATER INSERTED AN AD IN THE PAPER SAYING HE WANTED A CLASSICAL PIANIST... THE NEXT DAY, A GIRL CALLED AT HIS OFFICE...



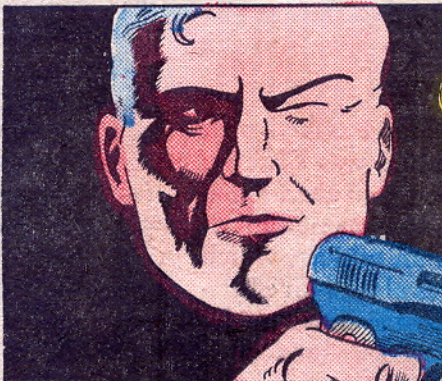
AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY, SLATER MANAGED TO MEET THE MUSICIAN... THE MOMENT THEY MET, SLATER KNEW HE HAD THE RIGHT MAN...



SWIFTLY THE KILLER AROSE AND SPURTED TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CAFE AS SLATER JUMPED UP, AND.....



OUTSIDE ON GUARD DETECTIVE DAVIS SAW ZILLA RUSH FROM THE REAR AND.....



THREE TIMES THE DETECTIVE SUMMONED ZILLA TO HALT... THEN SLOWLY, CAREFULLY HE SIGHTED HIS REVOLVER..... JUSTICE TOOK ITS TOLL...



AS ZILLA WAS SHOT DEAD THE INSIDE MYSTERIES OF HIS MANY MURDERS WERE NEVER KNOWN... SOME SAY HE WAS JUST ANOTHER INSANE KILLER... BUT OTHERS CLAIM HIS FANATIC FEELING FOR MUSIC RAISED AN EMOTION SO STRONG, SO BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY AT THE SAME TIME, THAT IT DROVE HIM TO KILL!!! WHATEVER THE REASON, ZILLA WILL KILL NO MORE!!

the crime corner presents...

HOLLYWOOD'S PANTHER MAN

THE JERSEY DEVIL

by Woody Hamilton

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN paused in the rear of her home and listened. Was it her imagination, or was someone fumbling with the latch on the kitchen door? Peering from a side window, she saw something that made an electric spark jump through her body and sent her scurrying to the telephone. House-breakers were not an uncommon difficulty in Hollywood, but at this particular time the movie people were being consistently looted by a thief of such skill and daring that nothing seemed to stop his wild progress. The "Bel-Air bandit" seemed more of a phantom than a human being. Only the most wealthy celebrities were favored by a visit from this *Panther Man* and, with rare exceptions, these visits meant the loss of thousands of dollars in jewels to the stars.

Minutes later, while the police talked with Miss O'Sullivan, a lone figure was slinking through the underbrush toward an abandoned house several blocks away. He was not tall of stature, but was built like an athlete, which made the hurdling of hedges almost an effortless feat. As he slipped into his chosen hide-out, police were searching the canyon adjoining Miss O'Sullivan's home. An hour passed before the officers decided the would-be thief had escaped. In the meantime, two private patrolmen discovered a Model-A Ford coupe parked outside of Miss Sonja Henie's residence, a short distance down the canyon. Suspicious of this, they decided to await the owner. About one thirty A.M., a man slipped thru the shadows and made his way toward the car. Instantly the patrolmen snapped on

their flashlights and ordered the stranger to throw up his hands. As one of the officers searched his clothing and took away his automatic, the man frowned.

"Take it easy, buddy," he said. "I'm a studio guard hired to protect Sonja Henie! Give me back my gun, will you? This is no way to treat a man!"

For a moment the officers were suspicious, but as this man in the night continued to talk, his story seemed to ring true. As they listened, undecided, the fake special detective suddenly lowered his voice.

"Douse that flashlight! Didn't you hear something?"

The officers hadn't heard anything, but led by the stranger's ardent acting, they climbed a ledge bordering the Henie home and gazed owl-like into the darkness, looking for some phantom figure that the "detective" insisted was attempting to break in. They didn't have long to search, for at this moment their helpful playmate sprang from the ledge and disappeared into the black depths. *Hollywood's Panther Man* had pulled another surprise from his bag of tricks.

When Willard Borton, alias *The Panther Man*, first started out in life, he had firmly made up his mind to get everything he wanted out of it. In New Jersey, his former home, he managed to live up to his ideals and get his name mysteriously muddled up with various crimes. For this he was dubbed *The Jersey Devil*. But upon reaching Hollywood, he became an entirely different man. With a respectable-looking wife and stepson, he rented a bungalow in the heart of the movie capital,

changed his name to Ralph Graham, and became a pleasant and friendly neighbor to all. The police thought the *New Jersey Devil* no longer existed, but in his place was born *Hollywood's Panther Man*.

In the following months, Graham succeeded in stealing more than \$100,000 from such screen stars as Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, Fannie Brice and many others. While prowling about the home of Frank Capra, motion picture director, Graham entered a second-story window to find himself in the nursery where a baby was asleep in its crib. Before he had time to search for any jewels, Mrs. Capra came up the stairs on an hourly investigation of her child's quarters. Graham met her in the hallway with drawn gun, and threatened to shoot her if she screamed. "I was going to rob the house but I saw that baby," he said, "so now I'm on my way out!" Grinning widely at the terrified woman he rushed down the stairs and vanished into the night.

Another time Graham entered a woman's bedroom to find the lady of the house in bed reading. Quaking with fear, the woman stated she had no jewels other than one diamond ring which her husband had given her for a birthday present. As she started to remove the ring from her finger, Graham gazed at her in astonishment.

"Wait," he said. "Is that really the only ring you have?"

The woman nodded.

"Haven't you a safe in the house where you keep your valuables?"

"I have a vault for my furs," the woman told him.

Hollywood's number one thief helped his victim slip into a negligee and together they opened the vault. After a brief inspection, Graham turned away.

"There's nothing here I want," he said. Then he took a sparkling diamond ring from his pocket and handed it to her. "As long as you have only one ring," he said, "here's another. Take it with my compliments!"

By this time, she was so amazed that she invited the intruder to have a drink. After a

bottle of pop with her, Graham left. The woman made a promise not to mention the incident to the police, and it was only in a roundabout manner that they eventually learned of the attempted crime. The diamond ring that Graham had so graciously given away was found to have been stolen in a previous burglary two hours before.

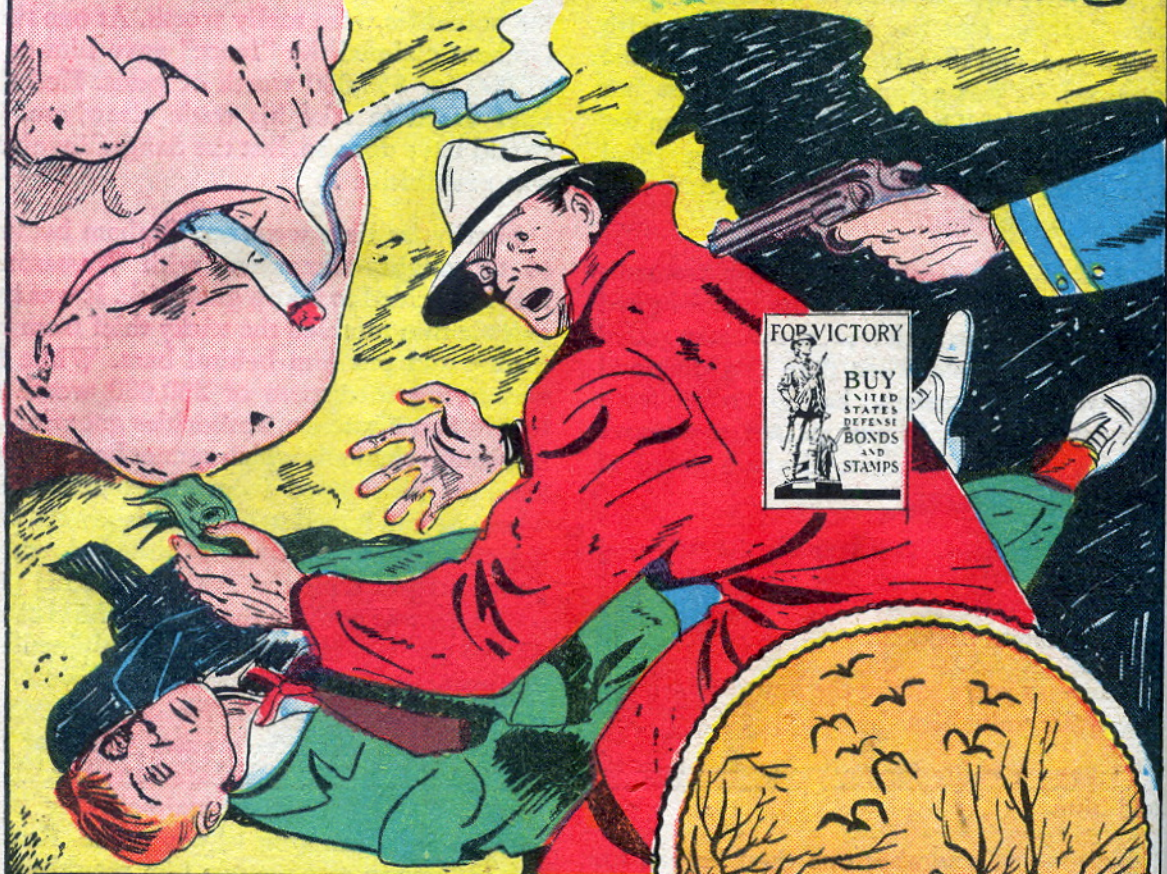
But aside from his Robinhood tactics, the *Hollywood Panther Man* was a cold malicious business man when it came to the disposal of his stolen loot. In his dealings with "fence" Morris Wasserman, Graham had to be on his toes every minute to insure making any profit at all on his thefts. Wasserman, a cagey jeweler, would offer him about one-tenth of what the valuables were really worth. At one time Graham claimed the "fence" gave him only \$1,000 for \$50,000 worth of gems. Had the thief dared to take his trade elsewhere, he would have done so, but the danger involved was prohibitive . . .

Finally, as time went on, Graham became so thoroughly discontent with Wasserman that he decided to take a great risk. It was this gamble that tumbled the tricky thief from his throne and put him behind bars. While he was trying to dispose of \$30,000 worth of loot in San Francisco, authorities got wind of it through channels which cannot be divulged here. As he stepped from an establishment where he had hoped to cash in his jewels, two detectives were waiting. Whisked down to police station with the evidence on his person, there was nothing the *Panther Man* could do but confess. His confession explained the disappearance of a large fortune in jewels and included the names of Hollywood's most exclusive set. His one request was that his young wife and child be spared any hardships from his deeds. Graham claimed they both were entirely innocent of any crime. Realizing the strong case against him would mean many years in prison, this elusive thief had one last bit of pleasure. In his testimony, he implicated Morris Wasserman to such an extent that the "fence" was snared by police and will pay his penalty to the law. Ralph Graham, himself, was sentenced to life imprisonment. From now on the *Hollywood Panther Man* will have to limit his activities within the grim walls of Folsom Prison.

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The **CASE** of the **TWISTED** **CIGARETTES**

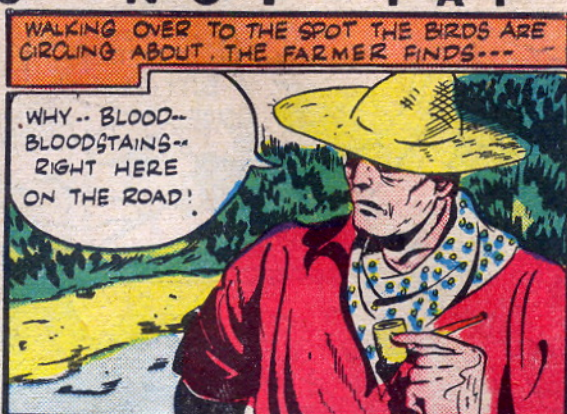
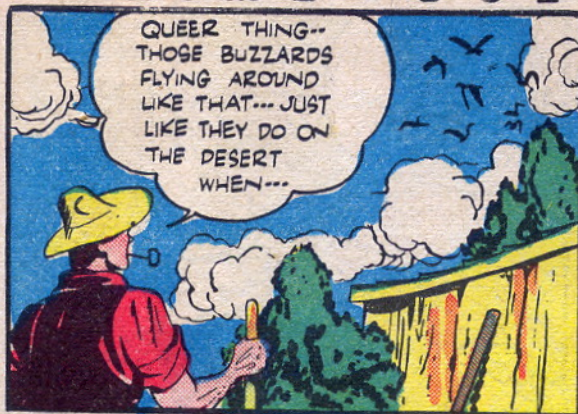


JUST A TWISTED CIGARETTE STUB!!! SMALL AND WORTHLESS YOU MIGHT THINK BUT TO ONE MAN, IT SPEELED SUDDEN DOOM MORE SURELY THAN ANY FINGERPRINT ON THE BLOODSTAINED CORPSE THAT BAFFLED POLICE IN FLORIDA'S SWAMPLANDS..

VULTURES.. CIRCLING LOW OVER A DESERTED FLORIDA FIELD.... SHRIEKING THEIR MESSAGE OF DISCOVERED DEATH!

by RICHARD NORMAN

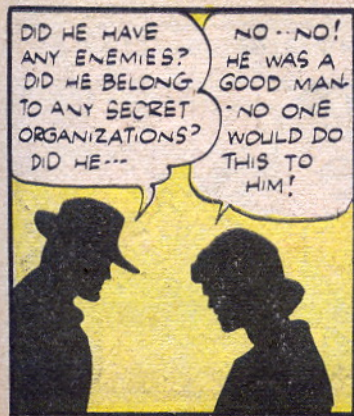
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AND UPON
FOLLOWING
THE STAINS,
HE DISCOVERS
A SIGHT TOO
TERRIBLE TO
PORTRAY
HERE...
A STABBED,
MUTILATED
BODY...

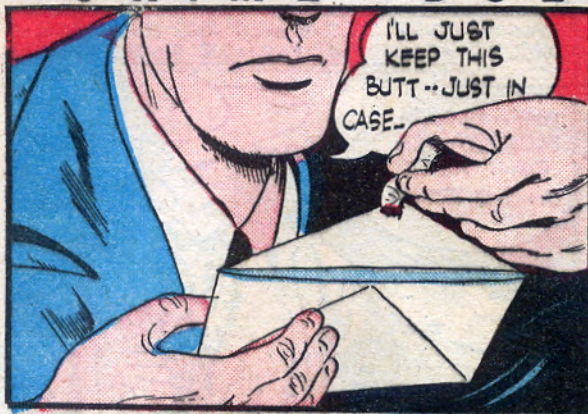


IN A SHORT WHILE, THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE AT
THE HORRIBLE SCENE. MRS. ARNOLD, THE
DEAD MAN'S WIFE, IS SENT FOR..

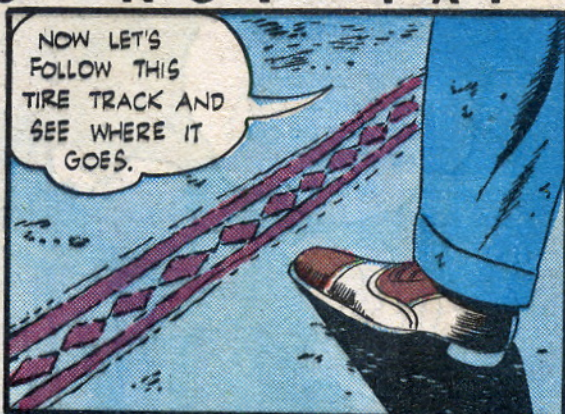


THERE ON THE SIDE OF THE
ROAD IS A COMMON OBJECT--
--BUT TO THE SCIENTIFIC
MIND OF THE TRAINED DE-
TECTIVE THESE COMMON
OBJECTS LATER BECOME
HUGE FACTORS IN SOLVING
BAFFLING CASES

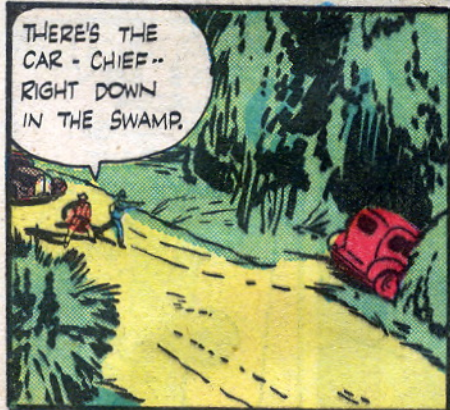




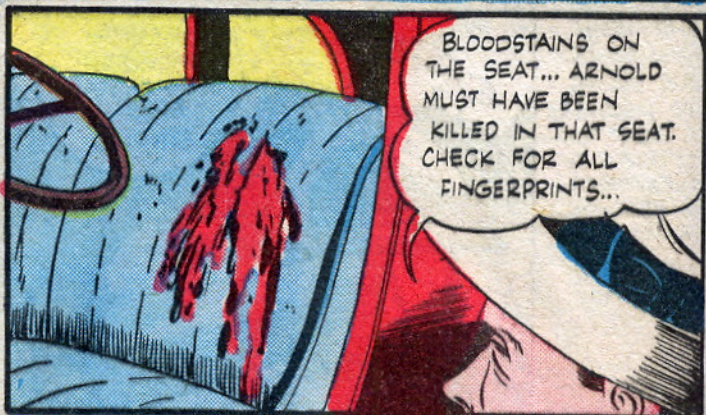
I'LL JUST KEEP THIS BUTT--JUST IN CASE..



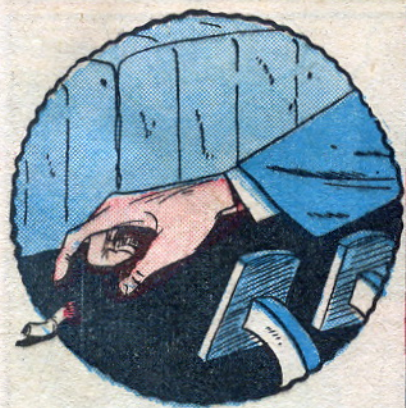
NOW LET'S FOLLOW THIS TIRE TRACK AND SEE WHERE IT GOES.



THERE'S THE CAR - CHIEF-- RIGHT DOWN IN THE SWAMP.



BLOODSTAINS ON THE SEAT... ARNOLD MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THAT SEAT. CHECK FOR ALL FINGERPRINTS...



ANOTHER TWISTED, CHEWED CIGARETTE! NOW DID ARNOLD OR HIS MURDERER HAVE THIS HABIT? I WONDER---??



LOOK WHAT WE FOUND HERE IN THE BUSHES, CHIEF!



A MAN'S SHIRT-- COVERED WITH BLOOD! MUST HAVE BEEN THE KILLERS... HE TORE IT OFF IN A BIG HURRY!

THE DETECTIVE POKES AROUND THE SCENE--THEN HE COMES UP WITH POSITIVE, CONVICTING EVIDENCE!



ANOTHER BUTT!! THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ARNOLD'S! FIND THE MAN WHO DOES THIS TO A CIGARETTE. AND WE HAVE OUR MURDERER!

A THIRD TWISTED CIGARETTE!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE SHIRT IS TAKEN TO ALL HOUSES IN THE VICINITY. NO ONE CAN IDENTIFY IT. THEN, AT THE WILLIAMS HOME--

HOW DO-- WE'RE FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DO YOU RECALL EVER SEEING THIS SHIRT?

NOPE.

YOU HAVE TWO SONS WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE?

Y MEAN JACK? HE WENT NORTH TO LOOK FOR A BETTER JOB. BERRY PICKIN' DIDN'T BRING IN MUCH MONEY. HE WENT WITH HIS WIFE.

YOU SAY HE WAS A BERRY PICKER. IS THAT HIS PICTURE THERE--AND HIS WIFE?

YEP.

WELL, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. I'LL JUST BORROW THIS PHOTO FOR AWHILE AND SEND IT BACK TO YOU.

AT HEADQUARTERS--

ENLARGE THIS PICTURE OF WILLIAMS AND SEND OUT A 'MAN WANTED' CIRCULAR. GET BUSY ANALYZING THE STAINS ON THIS SHIRT.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, AND WITH THE AID OF CHEMICALS, THE STAINS ARE ANALYZED.

HM-- BESIDE BLOODSTAINS, THESE OTHER RED SPOTS PROVE TO BE... HM..

A DELAY OF A COUPLE OF MONTHS. THEN, IN ANOTHER CITY--

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY DRIVER!

ALL RIGHT, BOY-- PULL UP!

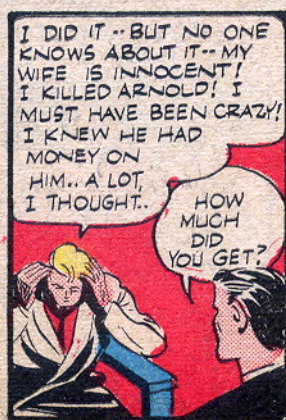
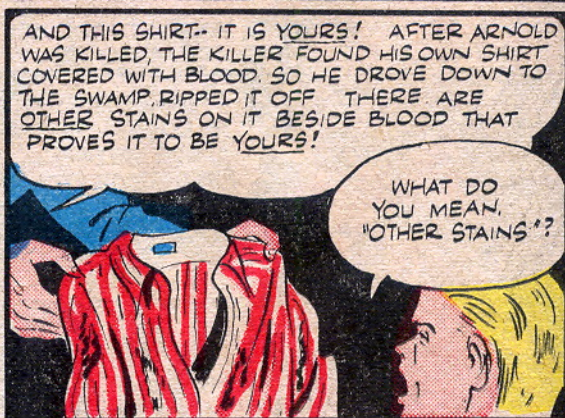
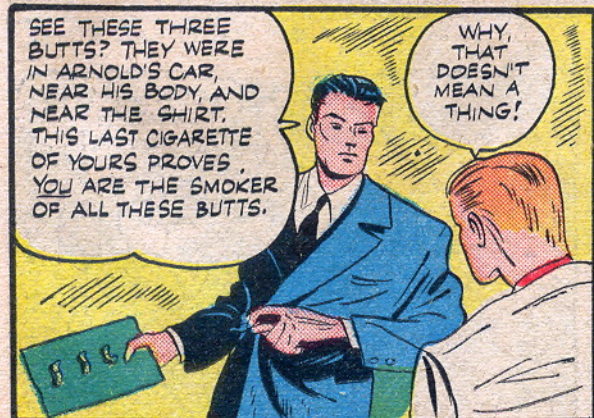
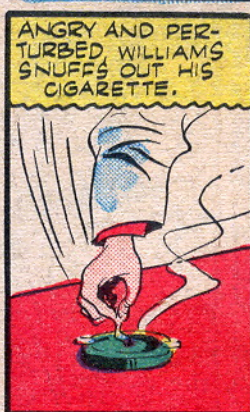
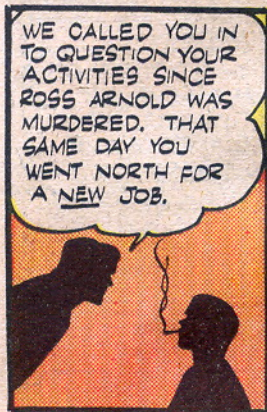
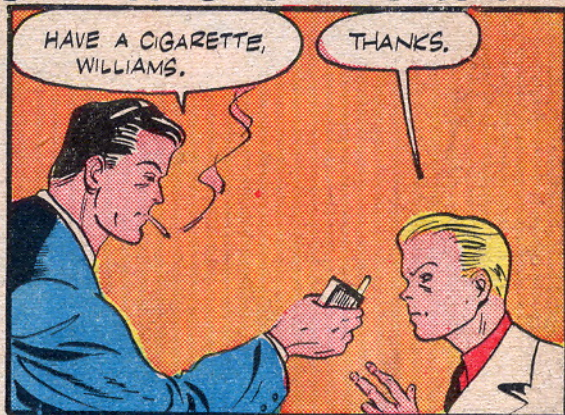
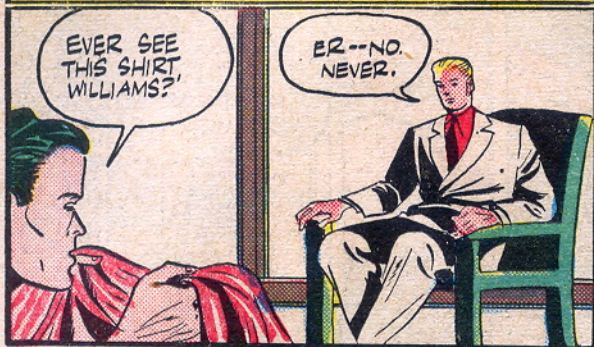
XX!?!?XX!?!?

DRUNK AS A BAT! LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE.

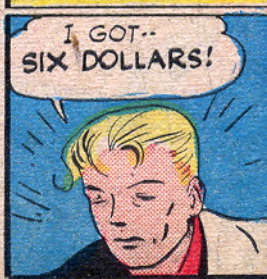
HEY, PAT-- THAT'S THE WILLIAMS GUY THAT'S WANTED IN TAMPA!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THEY FOUND JACK WILLIAMS, BUT IS HE THE GUILTY MAN? HE IS WHISKED BACK TO TAMPA...



AND JACK WILLIAMS REVEALS THE AMOUNT OF MONEY HE DERIVED FROM THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF ROSS ARNOLD...



SO, IN THE END, CRIME DOESN'T PAY. WILLIAMS IS IMPRISONED FOR A LIFE SENTENCE. HIS WIFE AND FAMILY COMPLETELY ABSOLVED.

THIS CASE WAS SOLVED BY GREAT CARE AND PATIENCE, BASED ON THE CLUES PICTURED HERE. NEXT ISSUE YOU WILL SEE A SLAM-BANG, ACTION-PACKED, TRUE CRIME STORY, THAT, AS ALWAYS, CONCLUDES IN THE VICTORY OF JUSTICE!

**BE A
DETECTIVE!**
CAN YOU UNRAVEL
THIS RIDDLE?

the BLACKOUT

**MURDER
MYSTERY**

HIGH UP ALONG THE HUDSON
RIVER BANK, THERE DWELLS A
LONESOME CRIPPLED OLD LADY...
FEW MONTHS ARE HERS TO LIVE
AND HER KIND HEART HOLDS
NO HATE FOR EVEN HER BITTER-
EST ENEMIES....

WAR! WAR!...TO THINK
I'D LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER...
TOMORROW NIGHT THE CITY
WILL HAVE A BLACKOUT...
MEN HIDING FROM EACH
OTHER LIKE ANIMALS...IF
ONLY I COULD BRING
HAPPINESS TO THE
WORLD BEFORE I
PASS ON !!!

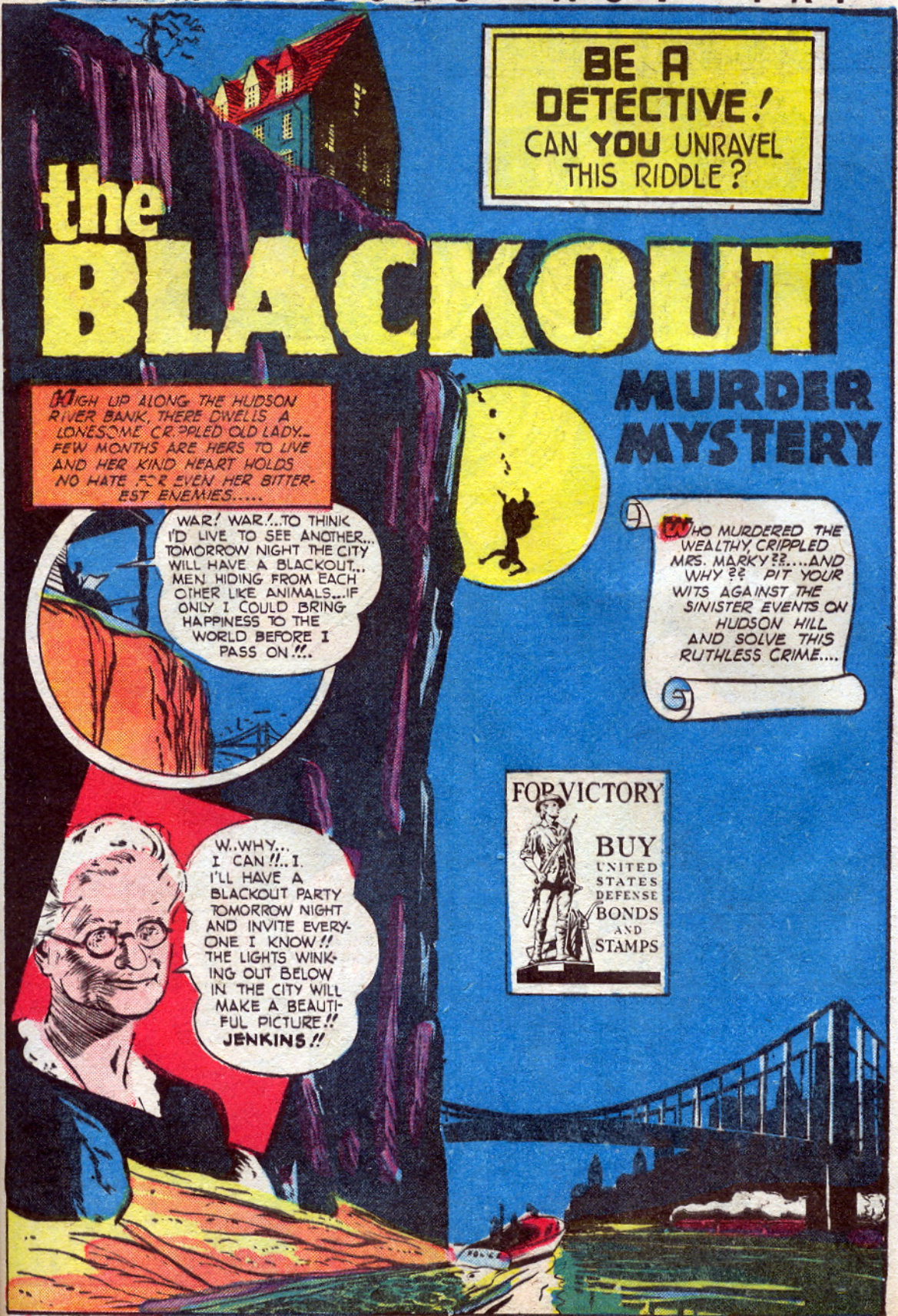
W.WHY...
I CAN !!! I.
I'LL HAVE A
BLACKOUT PARTY
TOMORROW NIGHT
AND INVITE EVERY-
ONE I KNOW !!
THE LIGHTS WINK-
ING OUT BELOW
IN THE CITY WILL
MAKE A BEAUTI-
FUL PICTURE !!
JENKINS !!

WHO MURDERED THE
WEALTHY CRIPPLED
MRS. MARKY??...AND
WHY ?? PIT YOUR
WITS AGAINST THE
SINISTER EVENTS ON
HUDSON HILL
AND SOLVE THIS
RUTHLESS CRIME....

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER WIRED INVITATIONS SEEP THROUGH THE CITY...REACHING THE HANDS OF GOOD AND BAD ALIKE.....

WHY, THE SWEET SOUL... AT HER AGE HAVING A BLACKOUT PARTY!! MAYBE SHE'LL DONATE SOMETHING TO THE CHURCH!!

HEY, GUYS, HA, HA!! THIS IS HOT...I GOT A PARTY INVITATION FROM THAT SCREWBALL MONEY BAGS WE ROBBED LAST YEAR!!.. HA, HA,!

HM...SOMEDAY MRS. MARKY WILL LISTEN TO ME AND STOP TAKING CHANCES...A BLACKOUT PARTY!.. WELL, SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO SEE THAT SHE ISN'T ROB-BED AGAIN!!!

SHE COULDN'T BE SUSPICIOUS OF ME..I'VE BEEN TOO CLEVER IN MISAPPROPRIATING HER FUNDS!!!

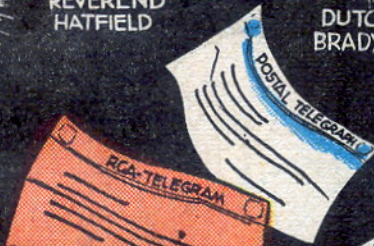
REVEREND HATFIELD

DUTCH BRADY

CHIEF COLLINS

BANKER BREWSTER

ATTORNEY ESTERBROOK



SWEETHEART, I WOULDN'T MISS A PARTY OF YOURS FOR ANYTHING.... I EVEN BROUGHT MY BEST GIRL ALONG!!

ROY, I SENT YOU AN INVITATION, BUT DIDN'T EXPECT YOU COULD GET AWAY FROM SCHOOL!!

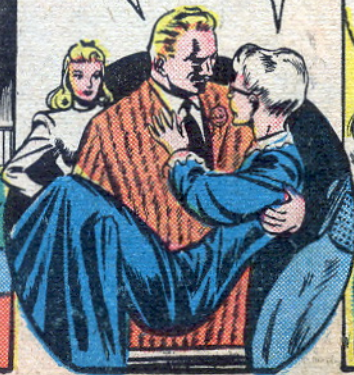
THIS IS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES ROY, WHEN YOU USED TO CARRY ME OUTSIDE FOR MY "BREATHING EXERCISES"... LET'S GO IN NOW!!

AS YOU SAY, SWEET-HEART!!

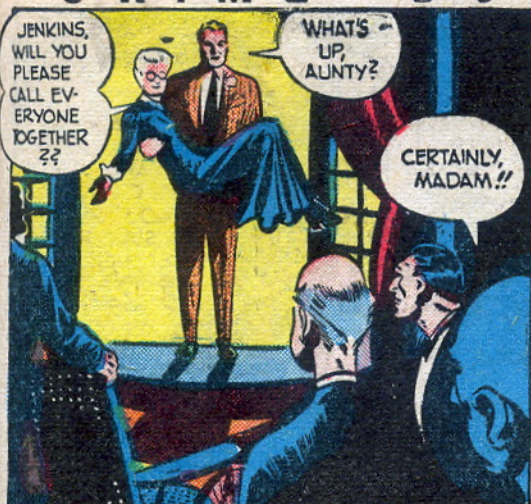
THE NEXT EVENING....

HI, AUNTIE!! SURPRISED?

RONALD, MY BOY!! YOU CAME!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

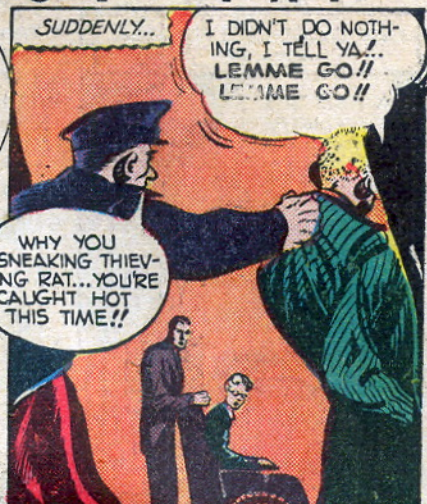


JENKINS, WILL YOU PLEASE CALL EVERYONE TOGETHER??

WHAT'S UP, AUNTIE?

CERTAINLY, MADAM!!

BEFORE THE BLACKOUT STARTS, I WISH TO TELL ALL OF YOU SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!!



SUDDENLY...

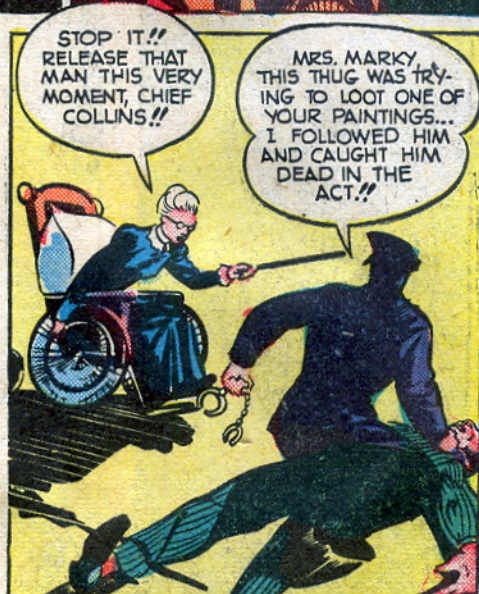
I DIDN'T DO NOTHING, I TELL YA!!
LEMMIE GO!!
LEMMIE GO!!

WHY YOU SNEAKING THIEVING RAT...YOU'RE CAUGHT HOT THIS TIME!!

THE CORNERED BRADY SUDDENLY MAKES A QUICK STAB FOR HIS GUN, BUT...



NO, YOU DON'T DUTCH! I'LL HANDLE ALL THE GUNS AROUND HERE!!



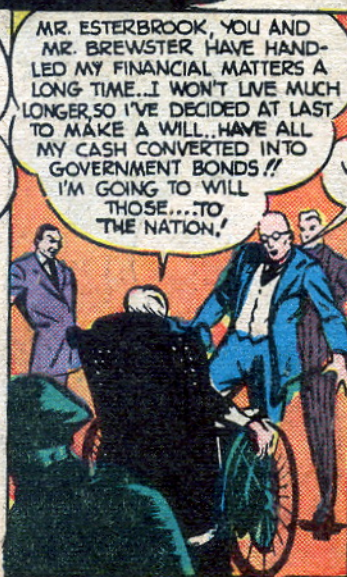
STOP IT!!
RELEASE THAT MAN THIS VERY MOMENT, CHIEF COLLINS!!

MRS. MARKY THIS THUG WAS TRYING TO LOOT ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS... I FOLLOWED HIM AND CAUGHT HIM DEAD IN THE ACT!!



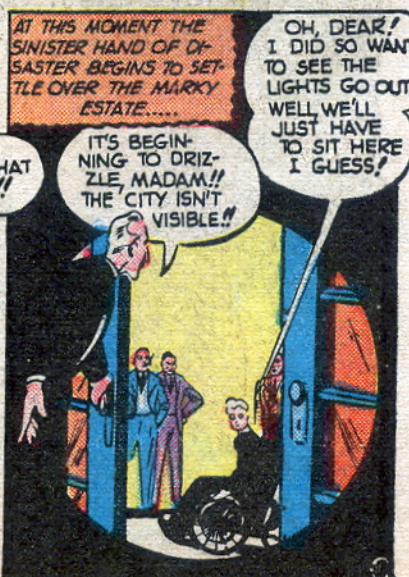
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DID, THERE'LL BE NO VIOLENCE TO-NIGHT! YOU LET HIM GO OR I'LL TESTIFY I GAVE HIM THE PICTURE...EVERYTHING WILL BE STRAIGHTENED UP AFTERWARD...REMEMBER, I COULD SEND YOU TO JAIL IF I WANTED TO!!

B BUT MRS. MARKY!!



MR. ESTERBROOK, YOU AND MR. BREWSTER HAVE HANDLED MY FINANCIAL MATTERS A LONG TIME...I WON'T LIVE MUCH LONGER, SO I'VE DECIDED AT LAST TO MAKE A WILL...HAVE ALL MY CASH CONVERTED INTO GOVERNMENT BONDS!! I'M GOING TO WILL THOSE...TO THE NATION!

WHAT!!



AT THIS MOMENT THE SINISTER HAND OF DISASTER BEGINS TO SETTLE OVER THE MARKY ESTATE.....

IT'S BEGINNING TO DRIZZLE, MADAM!! THE CITY ISN'T VISIBLE!!

OH, DEAR! I DID SO WANT TO SEE THE LIGHTS GO OUT! WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT HERE I GUESS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

EIGHT O'CLOCK THE BLACKOUT BEGINS....

1

HA, HA!! THIS IS FUN..HOPE NO ONE'S AFRAID OF GHOSTS!!

ISN'T IT THRILLING DEAR??

THE MINUTES PASS..TWO OFFICERS ON A DEFENSE PATROL BOAT PASS BY....

2

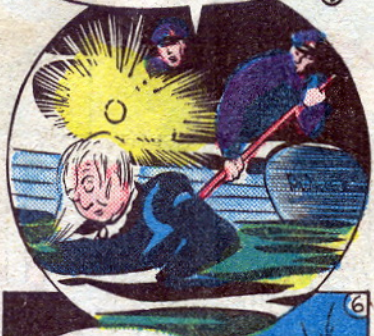
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE..NEW YORK CITY DOUSING ITS LIGHTS FROM THE ENEMY!!

YEAH! SAY...DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?...LIKE A CAT CRYING?



IT'S MRS. MARKY, THE MILLION-HEIRESS ON HUDSON HILL..UGH...DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WAS SUICIDE OR....

5



I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING TO GET UP THERE QUICK...THE BLACK-OUT SHOULD BE THROUGH BY THE TIME WE ARRIVE!!

6



3

HOLY CATS!! LOOK!!

4

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

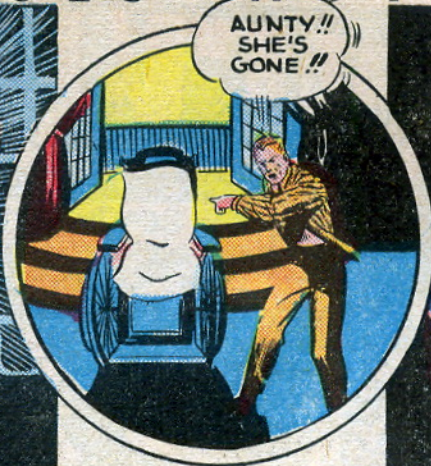
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER....

ALL RIGHT! COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT HERE! THE BLACKOUTS OVER!

WHAT'S THAT? WHY... POLICE!

AUNTY!! SHE'S GONE!!

MRS. MARKY IS DEAD!! SHE FELL OR WAS PUSHED OVER THE CLIFF!! EVERYONE STAY IN THIS ROOM!!

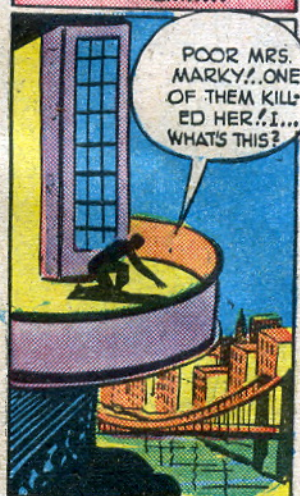


I KNEW YOU'D TURN KILLER, BRADY!! WHY DIDN'T SHE LISTEN TO ME?... YOU KILLED HER SO SHE COULDN'T TESTIFY AGAINST YOU!!



MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE BALCONY WHERE MRS. MARKY WAS THROWN FROM.....

POOR MRS. MARKY... ONE OF THEM KILLED HER!! I... WHAT'S THIS?

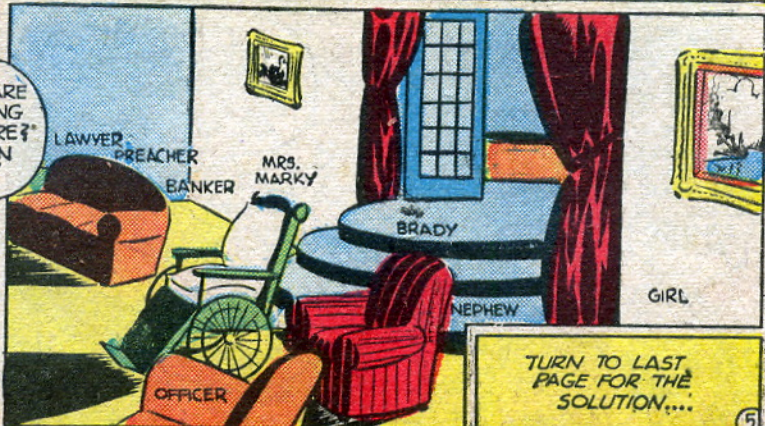


OFFICERS!! I KNOW WHO MURDERED MRS. MARKY!!

YEA, SO DO WE... AND HE'S GONNA BURN FOR IT!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE? COME ON IN!!

WHO KILLED MRS. MARKY?... WHAT DOES THE BUTLER KNOW?... THIS IS A DIAGRAM OF THE MURDER SCENE... CAN YOU FIND THE MURDERER?



TURN TO LAST PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

DAILY STAR
DICKIE DEAN
CAPTURES SABOTEUR

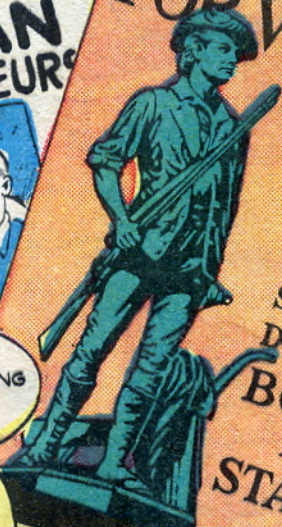
RECEIVES \$10,000
REWARD MONEY...
YOUTHFUL INVENTOR
FETTERED AT WHITE
HOUSE BY PRES-
IDENT FOR DARING
ACCOMPLISH-
MENT.....



I'D LIKE
TO EXCHANGE
THIS REWARD MONEY
FOR GOVERNMENT
BONDS!

YOU MEAN
YOU'RE BUYING
ALL THOSE
BONDS?

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

JUMPIN' CATS
WHAT A KID - HE
WINS TEN GRAND
AND GIVES IT TO
THE U.S.

If your best
friend was ill and
needed medicine -
would you spend your
last dollar for it? You
would? Well, Uncle Sam
isn't sick, but he sure
needs help. Give all you
can. Remember - a
bond today is a
bomber tomorrow!

Dickie Dean

TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMY,
DICKIE AND HIS SIDE-KICK, ZIP
TODD, PONDER FOR MORE AND
BETTER WAYS TO HELP UNCLE SAM.

GOSH! GEE
WILLIKERS, DICKIE!
I KINDA THOUGHT IT
ALL OVER... SURE IS
SWELL TO PULL
YOUR COUNTRY
OUT OF A
HOLE!

YES, BUT
EVERYBODY ELSE
HAS TO HELP, TOO!
IF ONLY... SAY-Y-Y,
COME ON, ZIP!

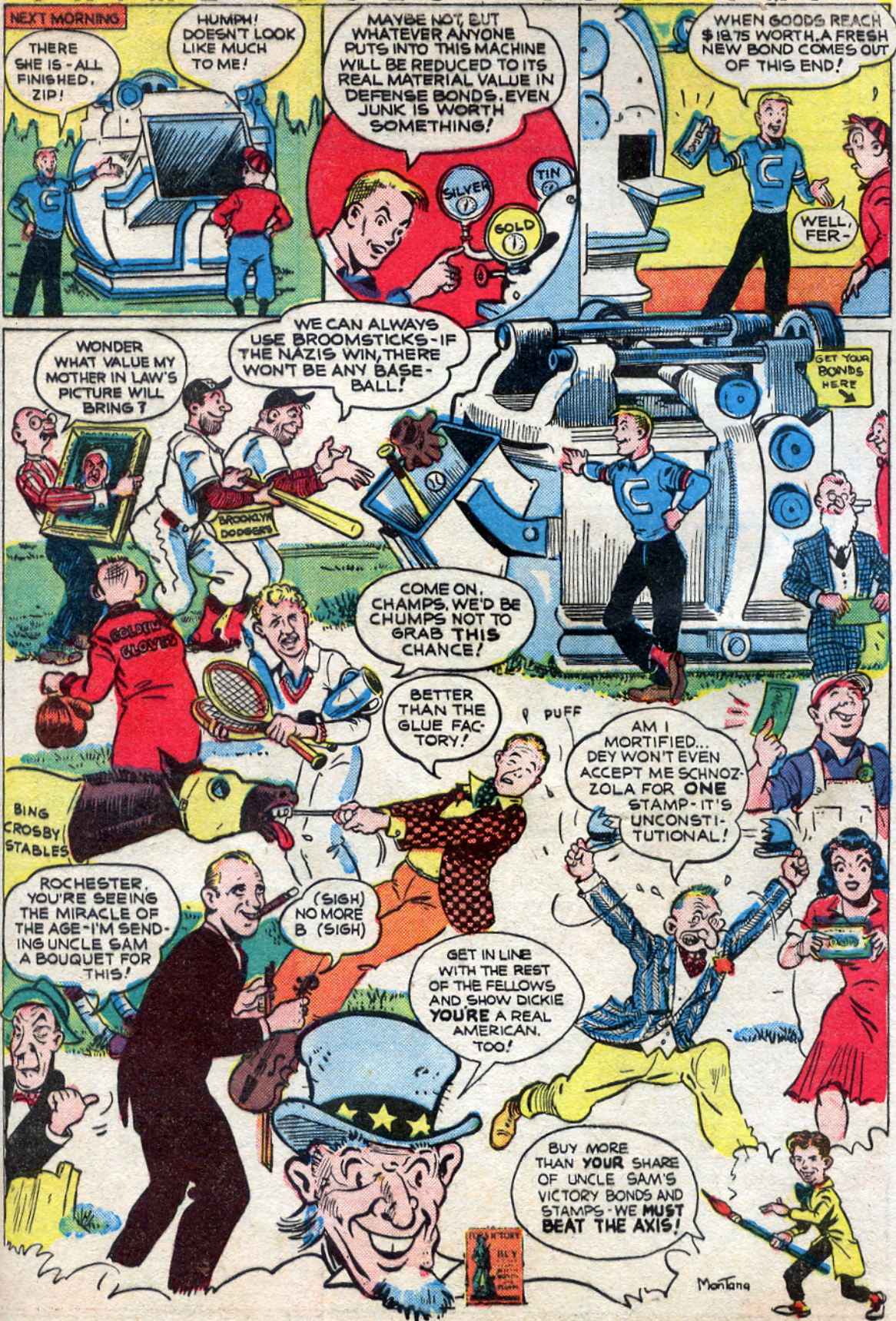
I'M GOING
TO TRY AND INVENT
A MACHINE THAT WILL
MAKE EVERYBODY
BUY DEFENSE BONDS
AND STAMPS, ZIP!

BUT
HOW-
DICKIE?

LATE THAT NIGHT
DICKIE DEAN'S LAB-
ORATORY HUMS
WITH ACTIVITY.....

DICKIE DEAN
LABORATORY
NO SABOTEURS
ALLOWED

CRIME DOES NOT PAY





STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



Cilicia

CILICIA is another of those hard to find countries which have baffled stamp collectors. One reason for not being able to locate it, is that it is no longer a separate country but a part of Turkey. Its exact location is that territory lying south of the Taurus Mountains in the south-eastern section of Turkey in Asia Minor.

Cilicia is of interest to stamp collectors for there are many spaces in their albums for stamps.

cent to Syria which the French also controlled. In 1920 the Turkish Government which was reorganized after the World War became more powerful than before, and demanded the return of Cilicia. The French desiring to keep Syria, their other controlled territory which was larger and more profitable, signed a treaty with the Turks and gracefully withdrew from Cilicia on October 20, 1921. The boundary between Syria and



Overprints on Turkish Stamps

of this country. In the years 1919-21, this country issued approximately 125 different stamps. Practically all the stamps were regular postage stamps of Turkey overprinted "Cilicie," while the remainder, about 30 stamps, were regular issues of France overprinted "Cilicie" with new values in Turkish currency.

The history of Cilicia is very brief, for it started in 1918 when the French and British occupied this territory after defeating the Turks in World War No. I. In 1919 control of Cilicia was given to the French as this territory was adja-

Turkey was fixed in 1923 and all of Cilicia was reverted back to Turkey.

The stamps of Cilicia is another example of how war affects stamp collecting. As soon as territories are occupied the invading country,

Q. M. F. Overprint on Cilicie French Stamps

5 PARAS

issues new stamps. Most of these stamps are overprints on the regular stamps of the invaded country. The last war produced thousands of new stamps and we can expect thousands of new issues from this war too.

WHITE RUSSIA THE ENTIRE COUNTRY

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Guaranteed Genuine One to a Customer
Golden Gate Stamp Co. Dept. 9 Alameda Calif.

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55 Hende St., Dept. 2 New York, N. Y.

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Big Lists included.

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Box 325 Church St. Annex, N. Y. C.

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Box 749 Plainfield, N. J.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c

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TOWER STAMP CO.
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ASCENSION — FIJI — NIUE

FAPLA scarce AFRICAN AIRMAIL. Hard to get stamps from ERITREA PARANG SELANGOR TANGANYIKA MAURITIUS KENYA VATICAN CITY SOUTH SEA ISLANDS AFRICA SO AMERICA and many more countries mostly BRITISH COLONIES in BIG WONDER PACKET of all diff. stamps only 5c to approval applicants

KENWOOD STAMP CO.
131-1(R) Burchett St., Glendale, Calif.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE WAR EAGLE

STEEL GREY WINGS OVER AMERICA...
WINGS OF FURY AND COURAGE
THAT SWOOP THROUGH THE
DENS OF EVIL AND BEAT OUT
THE FLAMES OF CRIME WITHIN!
...WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
WHAT DO THEY MEAN?...ONLY
WAR EAGLE KNOWS!!

FOR VICTORY



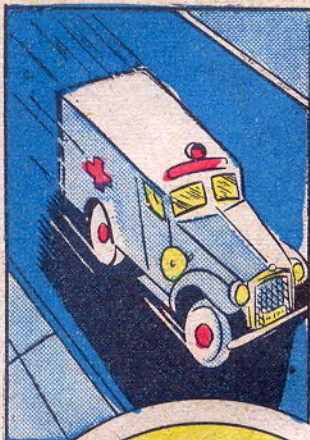
BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS IS A TALE OF SUFFERING... OF
A CHILD WHO CONTRACTED A
DREADED DISEASE AND WOULDN'T
GIVE UP... WITH THE HEART OF A
WARRIOR, YOUNG BILL REED BAT-
TLED HIS AFFLICTION AND
CHASED IT OUT OF HIS LIFE...
THEN THERE AROSE OVER THE
SKIES OF AMERICA, A WINGED
FIGURE OF COURAGE...

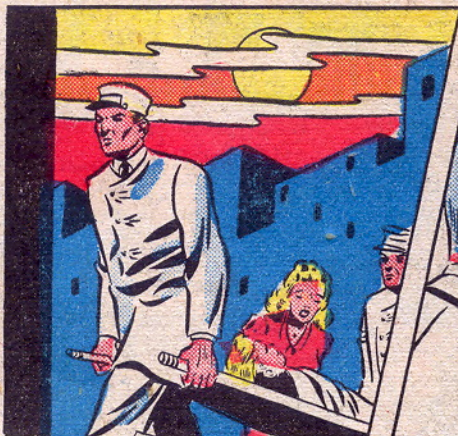
Alan Mandel ©

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE YEAR 1921...AN AMBULANCE STREAKS THROUGH THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY....



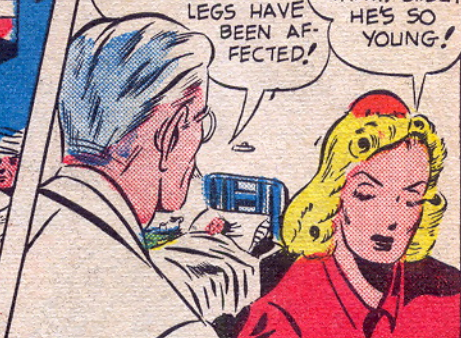
AT THE DOOR TO THE HOSPITAL TWO GRIM-FACED ATTENDANTS CARRY A YOUTH CAREFULLY INSIDE...HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH FEVER....



INSIDE, A DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION VERIFIES THE WORST FEARS...YOUNG BILL REED, HEIR TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IS A VICTIM OF THE DREADED INFANTILE PARALYSIS...

HOLD YOURSELF TOGETHER, MRS. REED...ONLY HIS LEGS HAVE BEEN AFFECTED!

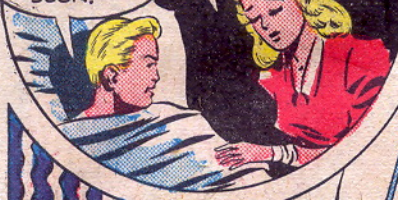
THANK HEAVENS FOR THAT.. B.BUT HE'S SO YOUNG!



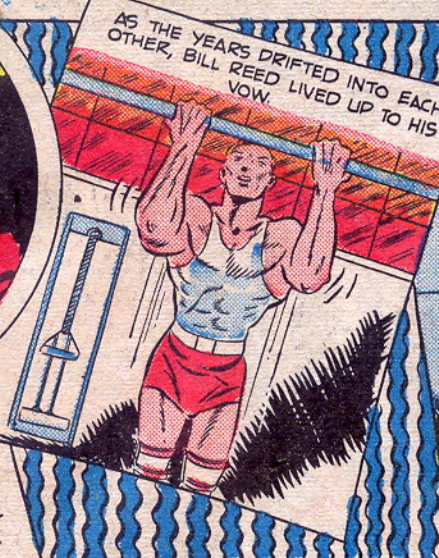
WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, BILL FACED HIS CALAMITY WITH THE COURAGE OF A LION.....

"DON'T WORRY, MUMSY! I'LL EXERCISE AND BE JUST AS GOOD AS NEW, SOON."

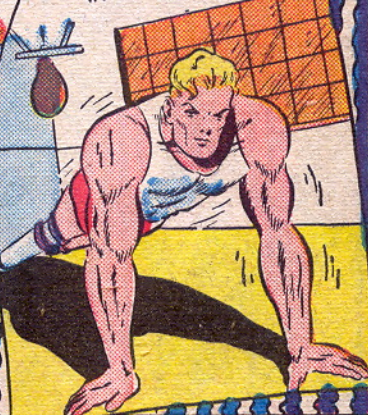
YES, DARLING! I KNOW YOU WILL!



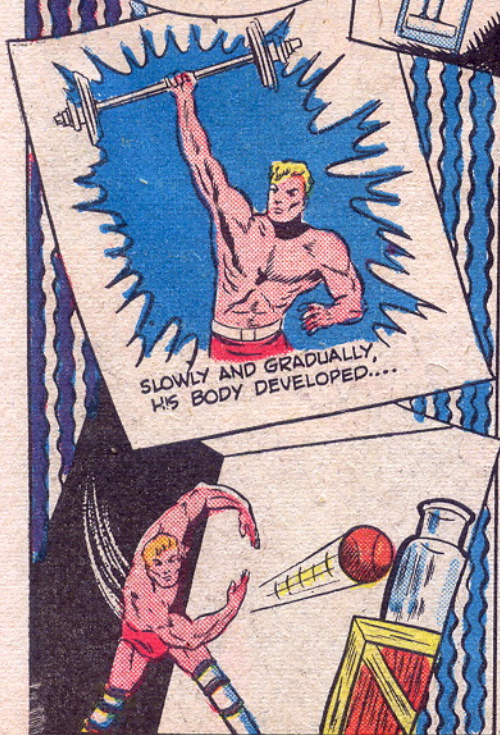
AS THE YEARS DRIFTED INTO EACH OTHER, BILL REED LIVED UP TO HIS VOW.



EVERY MINUTE OF HIS SPARE TIME WAS SPENT IN EXERCISE....



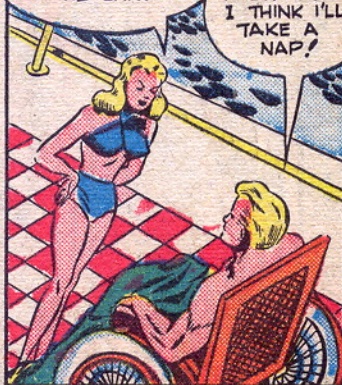
SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY, HIS BODY DEVELOPED....



FINALLY, AT MANHOOD BILL ENJOYED THE TORSO OF A STRONG MAN, BUT HIS LEGS WERE STILL WEAK...

OH, BILL, WE'RE ALL GOING FOR A RIDE! I'LL HELP YOU TO THE CAR!

NO, YOU GO ALONG, BONNIE! I'M A BIT TIRED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!



HAVE A GOOD TIME AND DON'T PICK UP ANY SPEED TICKETS!

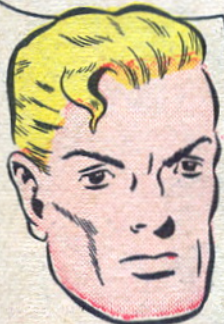
COME ON, BONNIE! THEY'RE WAITING!

I WISH YOU WERE COMING, BILL!! BYE!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THERE'S NO SENSE IN KIDDING MYSELF! I CAN'T ASK BONNIE TO MARRY ME THE WAY I AM...AND THEY SAY IT TAKES YEARS TO OVERCOME INFANTILE PARALYSIS, IF YOU'RE LUCKY!



AS EVENING FALLS ON THE REED ESTATE, A LONELY FIGURE WHEELS HIMSELF DOWN A DREARY PASTURE ROAD.....

I OWN ALL THIS LAND, BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT TO ME?



BLENDED IN THE SHADY VS, BILL GAZES INTO THE NIGHT WITH HEAVY HEART.... SUDDENLY, A CAR WHEELS CRAZILY DOWN THE ESTATE ROAD AND SHRIEKS TO A STOP.....

WHO COULD THAT BE??

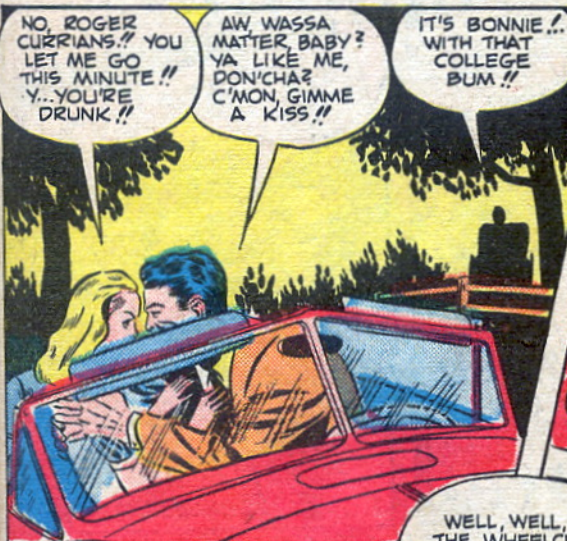
HA, HA! HERE WE ARE MONEY!



NO, ROGER CURRIANS!! YOU LET ME GO THIS MINUTE!! Y..YOU'RE DRUNK!!

AW, WASSA MATTER, BABY? YA LIKE ME, DON'CHA? C'MON, GIMME A KISS!!

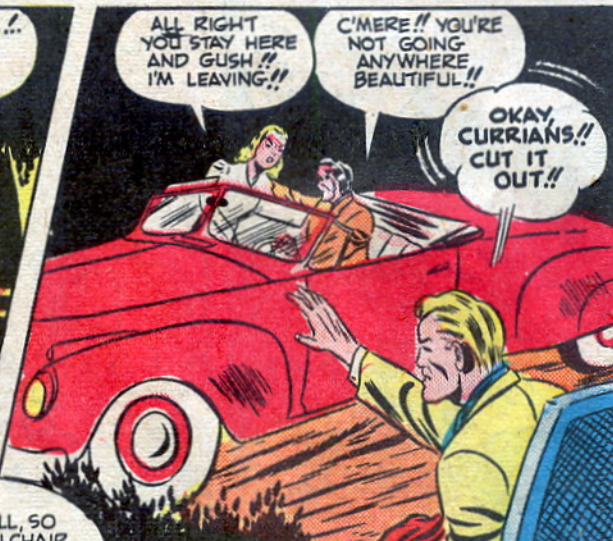
IT'S BONNIE!! WITH THAT COLLEGE BUM!!



ALL RIGHT YOU STAY HERE AND GUSH!! I'M LEAVING!!

C'MERE!! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE BEAUTIFUL!!

OKAY, CURRIANS!! CUT IT OUT!!



FOR PETE'S SAKE...BILL REED!!

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME LIKE A GOOD BOY!!

WELL, WELL, SO THE WHEELCHAIR TOUGH GUY IS GETTING JEALOUS!!! LISTEN, SLUCKER, BONNIE'S NO CRIPPLE'S MATE!! STICK AROUND AND WATCH ME LOVE YER DREAM GIRL!!



DESPERATELY AND FIERCELY BILL REED CLUTCHES THE WHEEL CHAIR ARMS, AND SLOWLY HE ARISES....HIS FACE, A MASK OF FURY.....



HA, HA!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BILL! SIT DOWN!
Y..YOU CAN'T WALK...
YOU'LL HURT
YOURSELF!!

WHATCHA
TRYING TO
DO, BE A
HERO? GO
BACK TO
YOUR WHEEL-
CHAIR, REED
!!



WHY, YOU DRUNKEN SOT!
I'LL HAMMER SOME
MANNERS INTO YOUR
BRAIN!!



AS BILL PIVOTS TO SWING,
HIS LEGS SUDDENLY
BUCKLE UNDER HIM....

THIS IS NO MOVIE,
SUCKER!! YOU
AIN'T GOT WHAT
IT TAKES!!

OH..H!



B..BILL...DARLING...
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT!!
A..ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

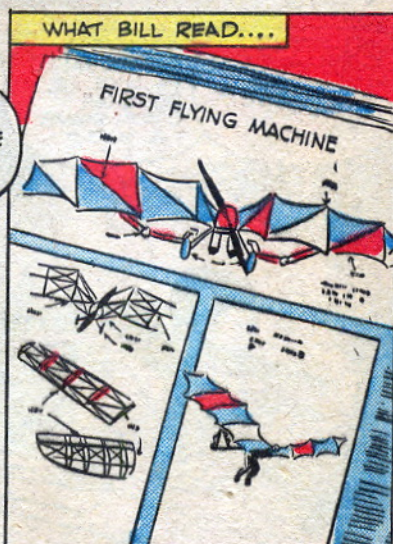
SURE, BONNIE...
HE'S RIGHT!!
I GUESS I
MADE A FOOL
OUT OF
MYSELF!!



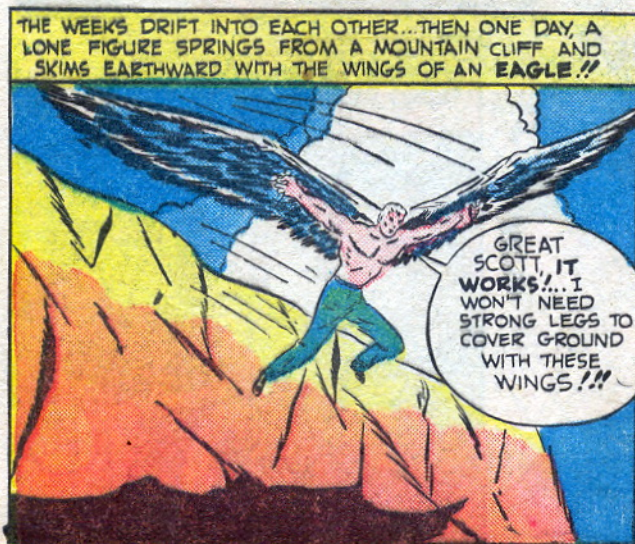
THAT NIGHT, BILL REED PONDERES
OVER A BOOK HE PICKED
FROM HIS LIBRARY SHELF.....

YEARS AGO, MAN
I COULDN'T FLY, BUT
KEPT TRYING...

IF ONLY...I
COULD FIND
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT TO FILL
MY LIFE...



WHAT BILL READ....



THE WEEKS DRIFT INTO EACH OTHER...THEN ONE DAY, A
LONE FIGURE SPRINGS FROM A MOUNTAIN CLIFF AND
SKIMS EARTHWARD WITH THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE!!

GREAT
SCOTT...IT
WORKS...I
WON'T NEED
STRONG LEGS TO
COVER GROUND
WITH THESE
WINGS!!



SIX MONTHS...A YEAR TWO YEARS PASS...THEN...

LEAPING AROUND WITH THOSE WINGS
HAS BUILT MY LEGS UP TO NORMAL...
I CAN SLIP INTO THE BUSINESS AND
SOCIAL WORLD NOW...BUT GOSH, I
DON'T NEED MONEY, AND STUPID
PARTIES BORE ME...MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING BIG I CAN DO FOR
THE WORLD...SOMETHING THAT WILL
MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO HUMAN-
ITY AS A WHOLE!!
HMM...M..M....

THERE WAS INDEED SOMETHING BILL REED **COULD** DO FOR HUMANITY...IN THE EVENTFUL YEARS TO FOLLOW.....BRAZEN CRIMINALS FELT THE TOUCH OF FEAR AND TERROR...A STARTLED NATION SHOUTED QUESTIONS....WHO WAS THIS WINGED FIGURE OF DOOM THAT PURGED THE COUNTRY OF EVIL? HIS NAME OR BACKGROUND NONE KNEW, BUT EVEN THE LOWLIEST PAVEMENT VAGABOND SOON LEARNED TO CALL HIM, **THE WAR EAGLE...**

An interesting longer trip is from one to Shelter Island, in the bay between Greenport and the whaling village of Sag Harbor. Shelter Island, quiet and attractive, is reached by ferry from Greenport or Sag Harbor. It is known for some time, to what is probably the majority of the people living in the metropolitan area. Yet its glamorous history that dates back to the 17th Century—100 years, in fact, when the westerner's ship pulled between the islets. A number of structures old and new have been seen on Shelter Island.

1941 **WAR**... EAGLE SEEN
AT LINER EXPLOSION SCENE....

SABOTAGE

1936
BOND THIEVES LOSE
BATTLE WITH THE
WAR EAGLE.....

1942

5¢ *The Tabloid* 5

**DARING RESCUE
AT SEA BY WAR
WAR EAGLE RESCUES SUR-
VIVORS OF TORPEDDED SHIP**

Motorists planning to see Shel-
ter Island can do it

Tip: leaving

Motorists planning to see Shelter Island can do it in a one day trip, leaving New York early in the morning. It may be possible to stay overnight at one of the private houses that cater to tourists, but it would be well to make such arrangements ahead of time. The large hotels on the island are open.

(Please turn to page 2)

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

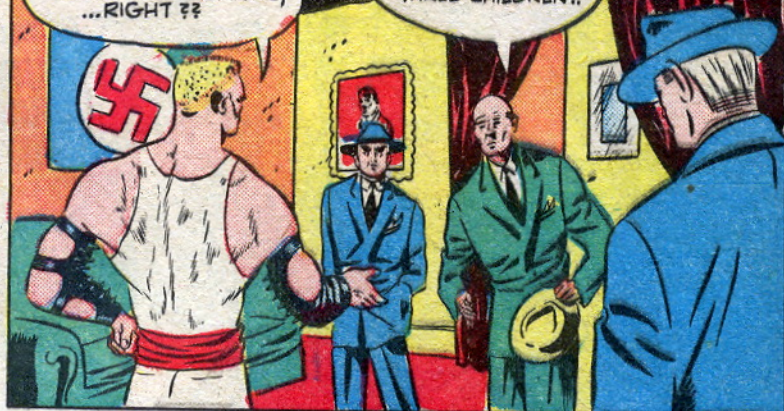
AS THE SECOND WORLD WAR REACHES A MAD TEMPO, ENEMY AGENTS PLAN AN ALL OUT CAMPAIGN OF TERRORISM IN THE BOSOM OF THE UNITED STATES....

HERE HE IS, WRENCH...A LITTLE NERVOUS BUT ALL IN ONE PIECE!!

W..WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

STOP SHAKING, KLEIN! YOU WON'T BE HARMED! NOW, TELL ME..YOU'RE SYMPATHETIC WITH GERMAN AND WORKING ON THE S.S. ATLANTIC, ...RIGHT??

Y..YES, BUT I DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING WRONG...I..I.. HAVE A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN!!



YOU HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN AS LONG AS YOU WORK WITH US!! THIS IS WAR, KLEIN...NO MOLLYCODDLE CAN SIT ON THE FENCE...HERE IS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO, OR ELSE!!

THAT EVENING....

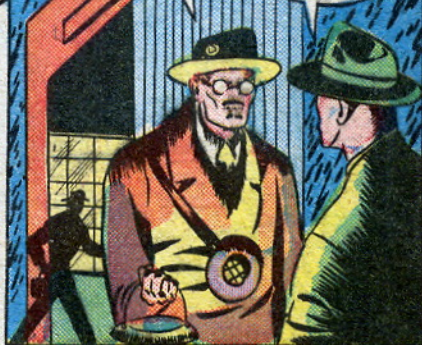
HE'S MAKING ME DO THIS BUT I DON'T LIKE IT... THOSE ARMS..WHY DOES HE WEAR NAILS ON THEM?

THE WRENCH HUGGED A BURNING INCENDIARY BOMB IN THE LAST WAR! ... SAVED THE WHOLE POWDER WORKS, BUT FORGET THAT... REMEMBER WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!!

AS THE S.S. ATLANTIC DOCK, KLEIN DIVERTS THE WATCHMAN.....

WELL KLEIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND AT NIGHT? DO YA LIKE WORK?

LEFT MY WATCH ON THE SHIP, KELLY!! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!!



MEANWHILE....

TOMORROW THE S.S. ATLANTIC GOES TO THE SHIPYARD TO BE CONVERTED INTO AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER!! GUESS SHE CAN STAND A LITTLE WATCHING ON HER LAST NIGHT!

HE FEEL LIKE A TON OF BRICKS BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FIRE STARTS AND I'M THE LAST GUY HERE?

FORGET IT...THEY GOTTA HAVE PROOF!

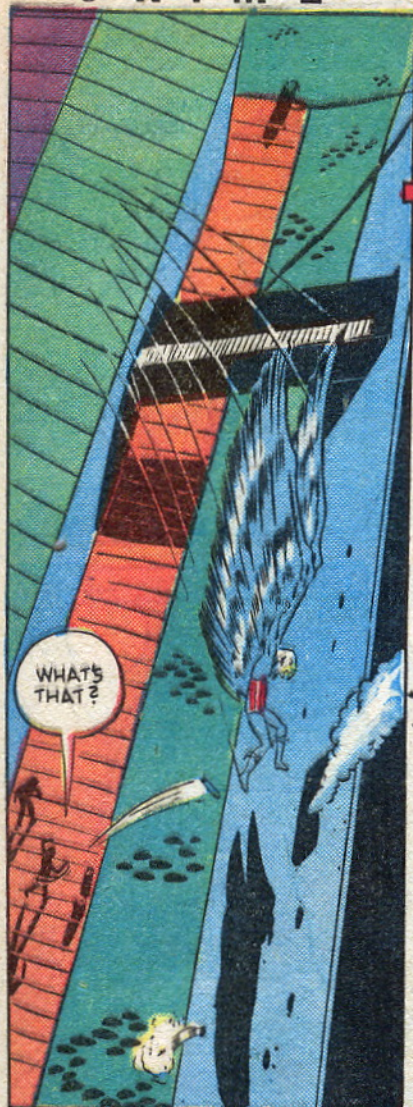


A PERFECT SPOT....WE'LL SLAM THE INCENDIARY BOMBS THROUGH THAT HATCH... READY?

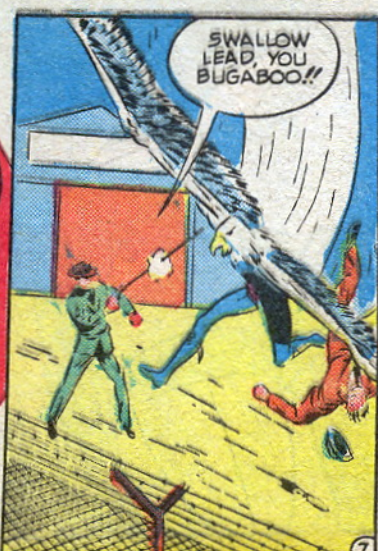
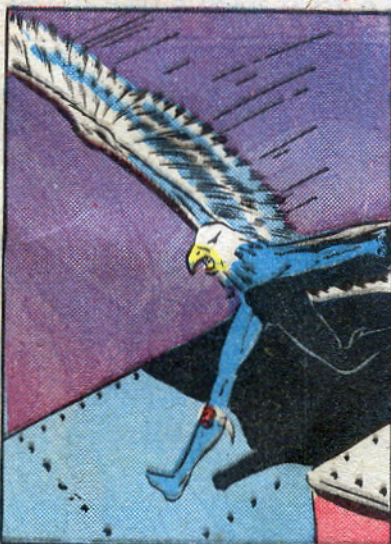
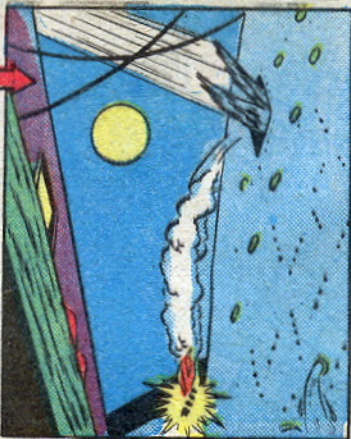
YEAH!!



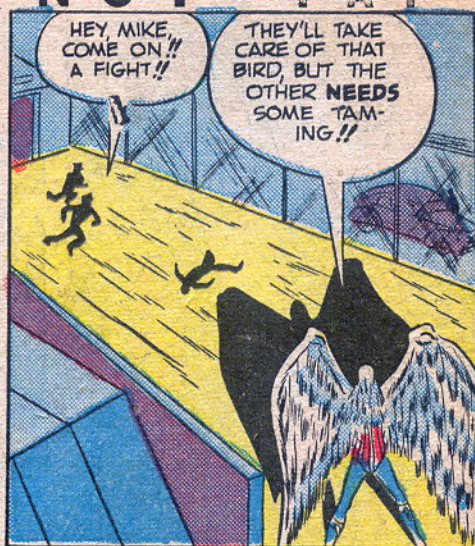
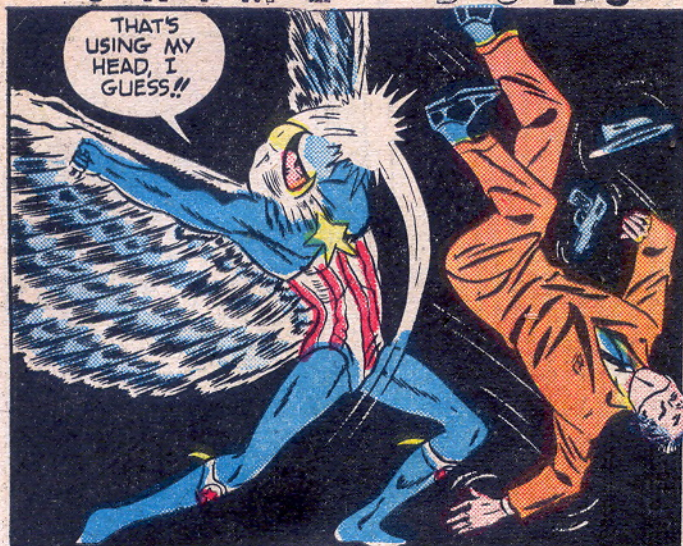
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



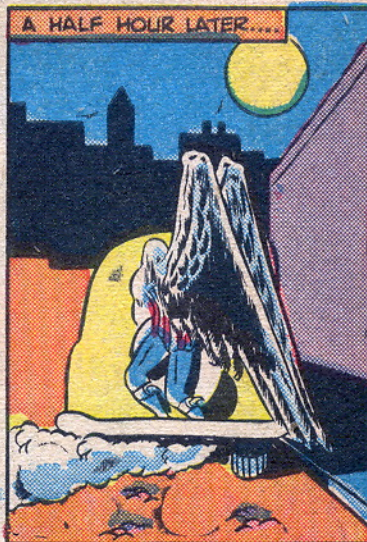
LIKE A WINGING ARROW, THE EAGLE STREAKS TO THE HATCH, KNOCKING ONE FIERY MISSILE ASIDE IN FLIGHT....



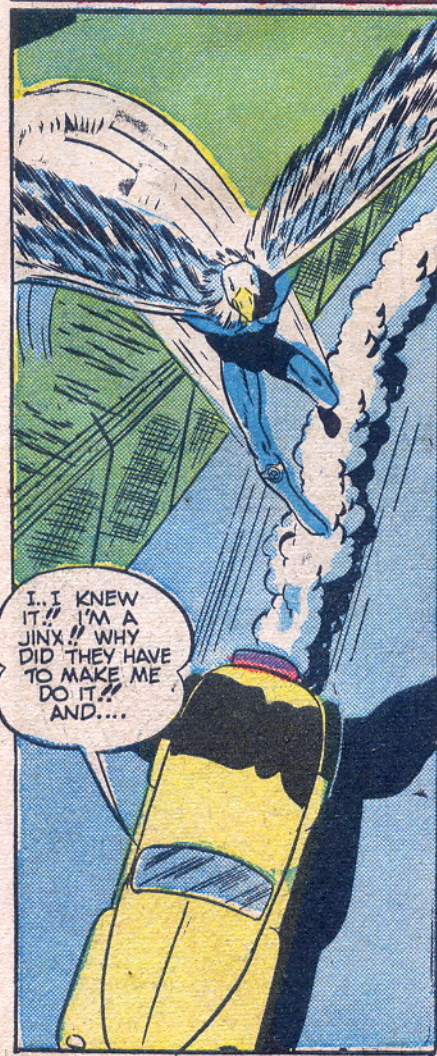
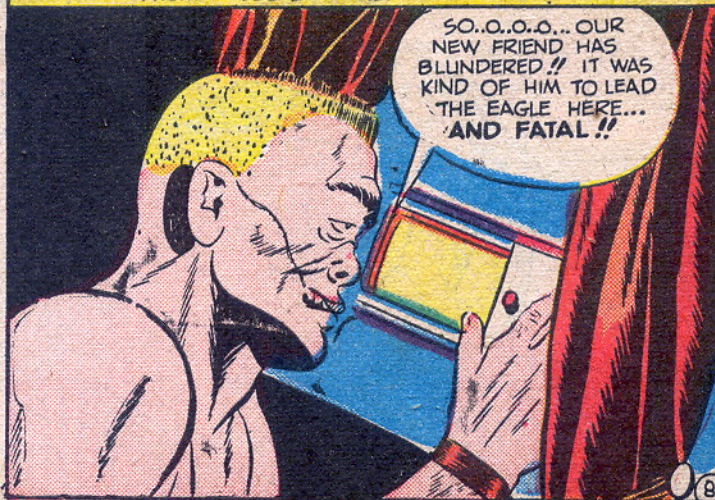
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



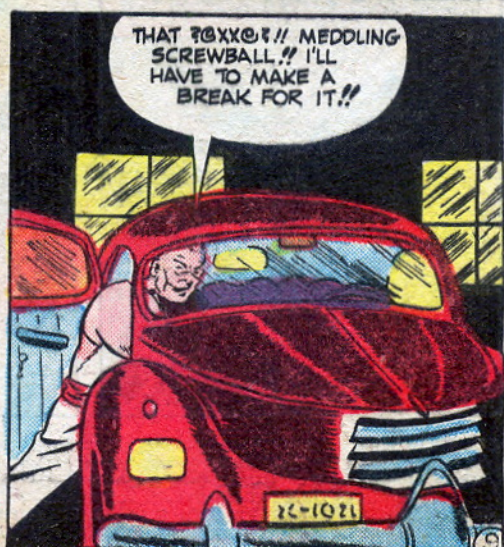
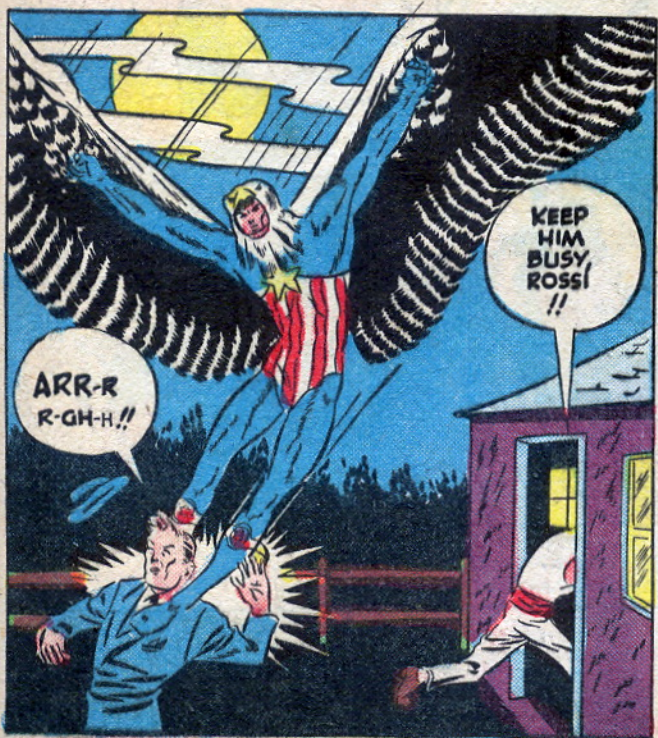
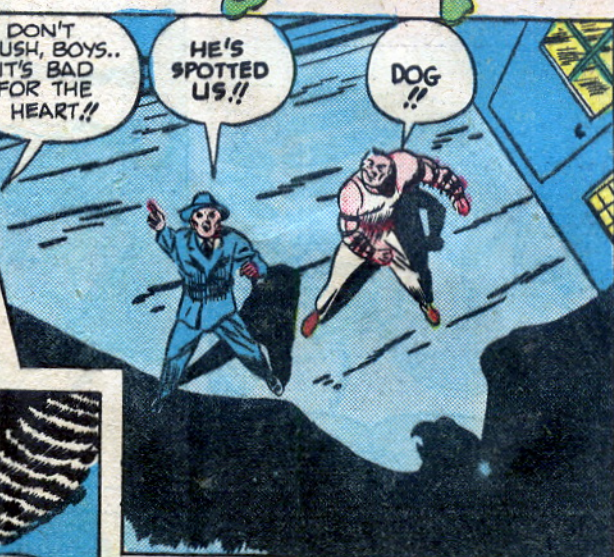
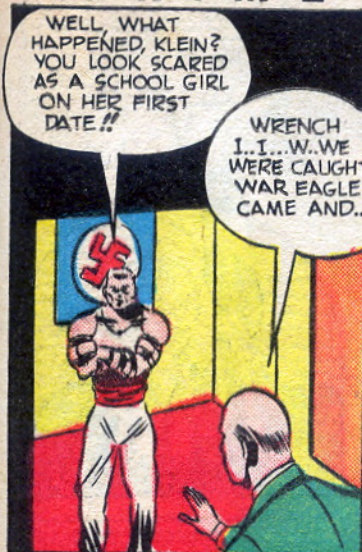
A SHORT SPRINT..A LEAP AND THE EAGLE GLIDES SKYWARD.....



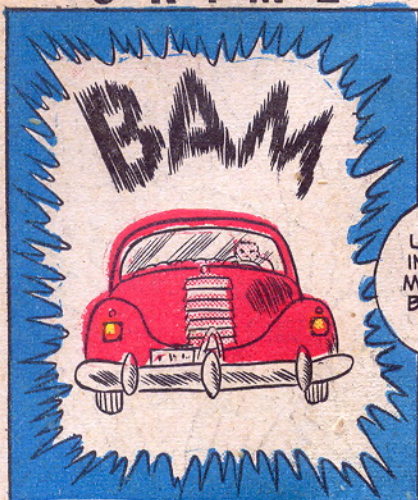
AS KLEIN HUSTLES UP THE WALK, THE WRENCH PEERS FROM A SECRET PANEL....



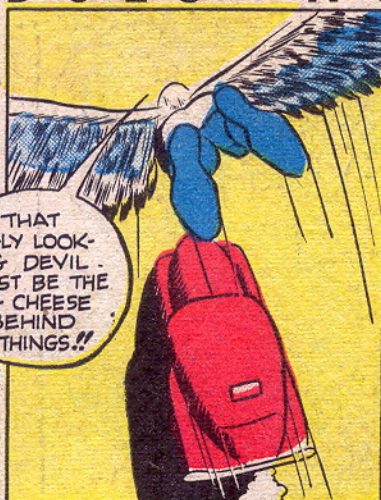
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



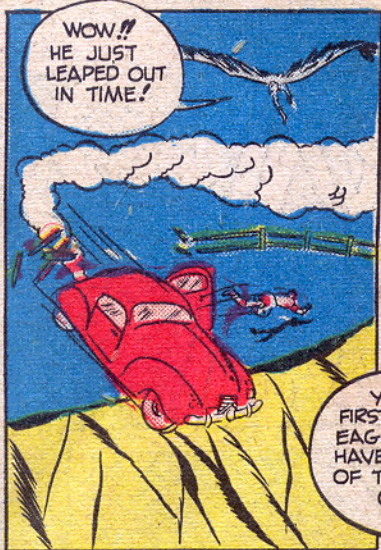
THAT
UGLY LOOK-
ING DEVIL -
MUST BE THE
BIG CHEESE
BEHIND
THINGS!!



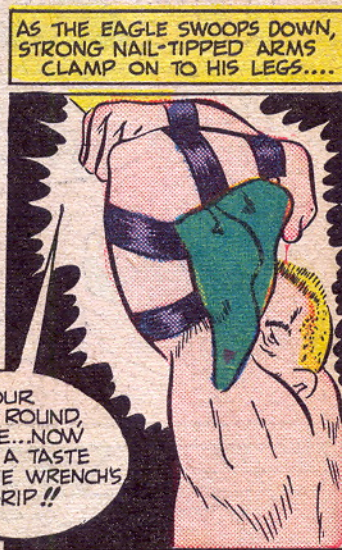
I CAN'T SIT ON
HIS CAR ALL NIGHT!
GOT TO MAKE
HIM STOP IT!!



WINGS
OVER THE
WINDSHIELD!!
THE EAGLE'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME!!



WOW!!
HE JUST
LEAPED OUT
IN TIME!



AS THE EAGLE SWOOPS DOWN,
STRONG NAIL-TIPPED ARMS
CLAMP ON TO HIS LEGS....

YOUR
FIRST ROLND,
EAGLE...NOW
HAVE A TASTE
OF THE WRENCH'S
GRIP!!



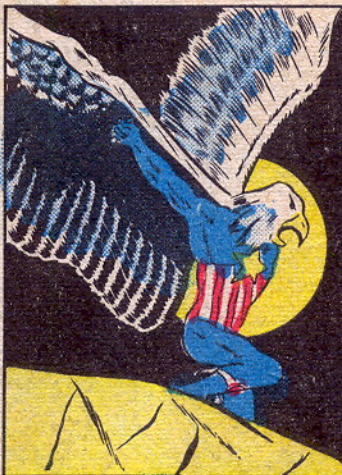
CLINCHING HIS TEETH IN PAIN, THE
EAGLE FLAPS OVER THE CLIFF
LEDGE AND GLIDES ACROSS THE
CHASM.....

D..DON'T!!
STOP!!
I'LL BE
SMASHED
!!



NO, NO!
AARRGH!!

WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE
WRENCH SWINGS INTO THE
ROCKY EMBANKMENT....



AND ANOTHER LAW-BREAKER
HAS PAID THE PRICE!! THE
WINGS OF WAR EAGLE WILL
SWOOP THROUGH THESE PAGES
AGAIN NEXT MONTH!!

SOLUTION TO BLACKOUT MURDER MYSTERY: MURDERER THE NEPHEW, RONALD, MOTIVE; WOULD INHERIT AUNT'S WEALTH BEFORE GOVERNMENT RECEIVED IT. HOW; CARRIED HER TO PORCH ON PRETENSE OF SHOWING BLACKOUT OVER CITY TO HER--HE COULD DO THIS WITHOUT SUSPICION ON HER PART, WHEN THE MOMENT LIGHTS WENT OUT CLUE: BUTLER FOUND CARNATION ON REAR PORCH THAT HAD BEEN ON NEPHEW'S LAPEL.....

WE HAVE **NEVER**
LOST A WAR!



WASHINGTON

YOU CAN HELP
WIN THIS WAR!

AMERICA ALWAYS WINS BECAUSE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE RALLY AS A SOLID NATION BEHIND ITS HEROIC ARMED FORCES. YOU CAN HELP TREMENDOUSLY NOW. **BUY DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS**--WHICH HELPS THE GOVERNMENT BUY MORE PLANES, MORE TANKS, MORE SHELLS, MORE SHIPS FOR VICTORY. THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE ALONE, BUYING ONE 10¢ STAMP EACH WEEK WOULD CONTRIBUTE WELL OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR! AMERICA MADE SACRIFICES FOR WASHINGTON, JOHN PAUL JONES, DEWEY, AND PERSHING AND SHE **WILL SUPPORT GENERAL McARTHUR**. LET NOTHING STAND IN THE WAY. **BUY ALL YOU CAN!! DEFENSE STAMPS COME FIRST!! FORWARD TO VICTORY!!**



JOHN PAUL JONES



ADMIRAL DEWEY



GENERAL PERSHING

AND WE *must*
not LOSE THIS ONE!



GENERAL McARTHUR

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

THIS NATION, OF
THE PEOPLE, BY THE
PEOPLE AND FOR THE
PEOPLE, SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM
THE EARTH!!

LINCOLN'S
GETTYSBURG
ADDRESS



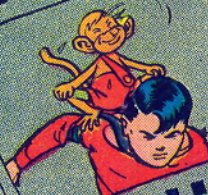
Kinn

BOY
COMICS

IS
your
MAGAZINE "



MONKEY CONTEST
winners
announced in
AUGUST ISSUE!!
24 CASH PRIZES!



The **"ALL BOY HERO"**

COMIC MAGAZINE HAS ALREADY
ACHIEVED THE TREMENDOUS
POPULARITY THAT WAS PREDICT-
ED FOR IT!!

**DON'T MISS THE AUGUST IS-
SUE..THE BEST YET, STARRING
CRIMEBUSTER AND INCLUDING YOUR
OTHER FAVORITES: BOMBSHELL, YOUNG
ROBINHOOD, YANKEE LONGAGO, SWOOP
STORM, RABBIT FOOTE, AND OTHERS!**

FOR DEFENSE



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

NEW **SENSATIONAL FEATURES**
ADDED TO DAREDEVIL COMICS

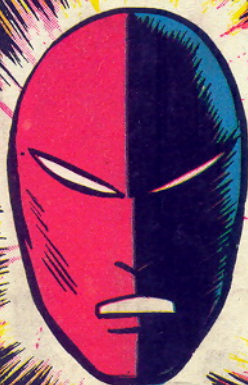
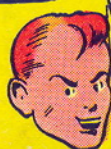
already **THE**
MOST LOVED
COMIC
MAGAZINE,
DAREDEVIL COMICS,
DOES IT AGAIN!!

By Popular
DEMAND,
THE EDITORS
HAVE JUST
SIGNED
DICKIE DEAN
and the
PIRATE PRINCE
TO A
Lifetime
CONTRACT!!

WHILE ON A
FURLOUGH FROM
THE AIR CORPS, I
RUN SMACK INTO
THE DEADLIEST KILL-
ER OF MY CAREER
IN THE JULY ISSUE
...IN "BLOOD AND
SAWDUST"!!

HI FELLERS!
ZIP AND I ARE
GLAD WE'LL BE
SEEING YOU IN
DAREDEVIL!
JUST WAIT!! YOU
SEE MY NEW
INVENTION!!

MY FIRST
DAREDEVIL
ADVENTURE IS A
WOW, WHEN I
MEET UP WITH
THE "BLACK
MASK"!!



also featuring
THE CLAW--SNIFFER
13 AND JINX--HOUDONNIT
TIMES SQUARE--
SCOOP SCUTTLE
and many others!!